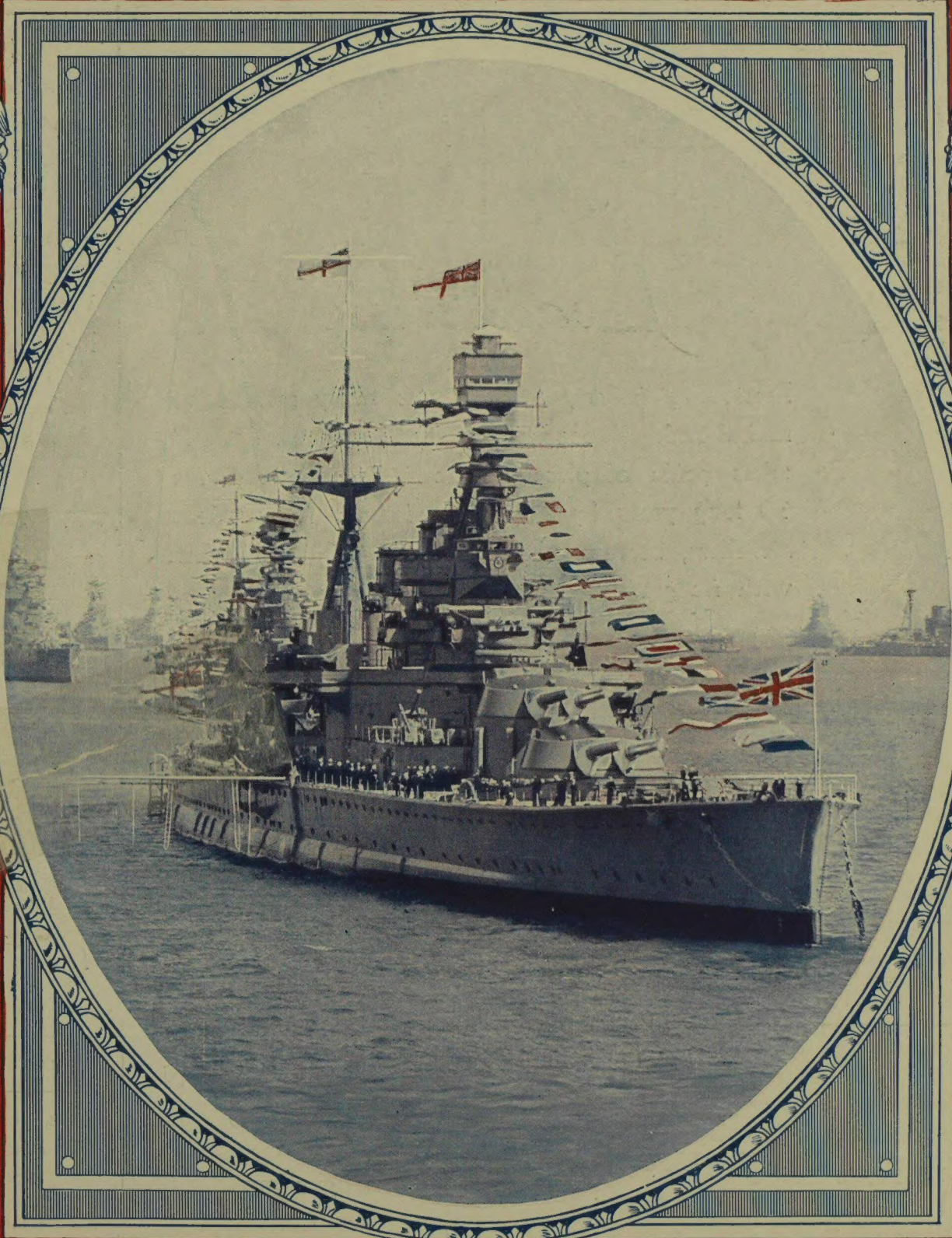


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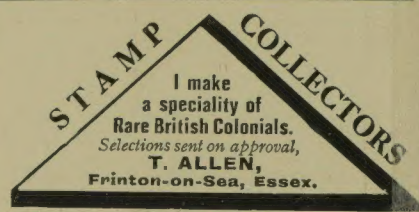


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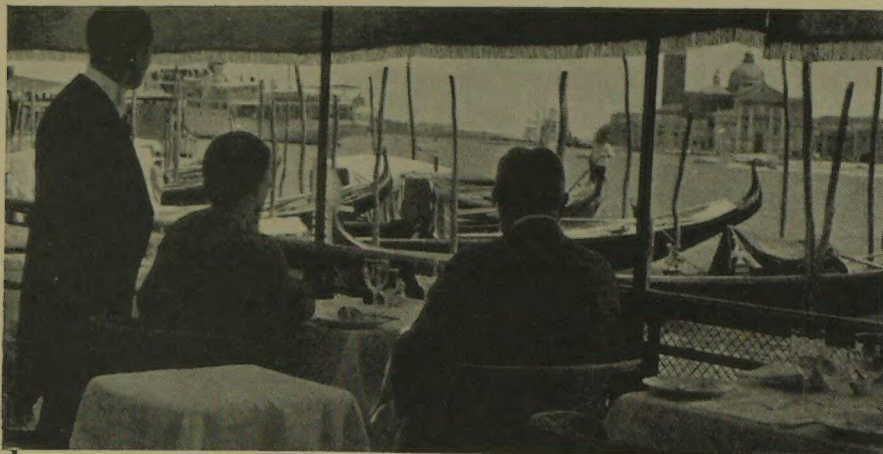
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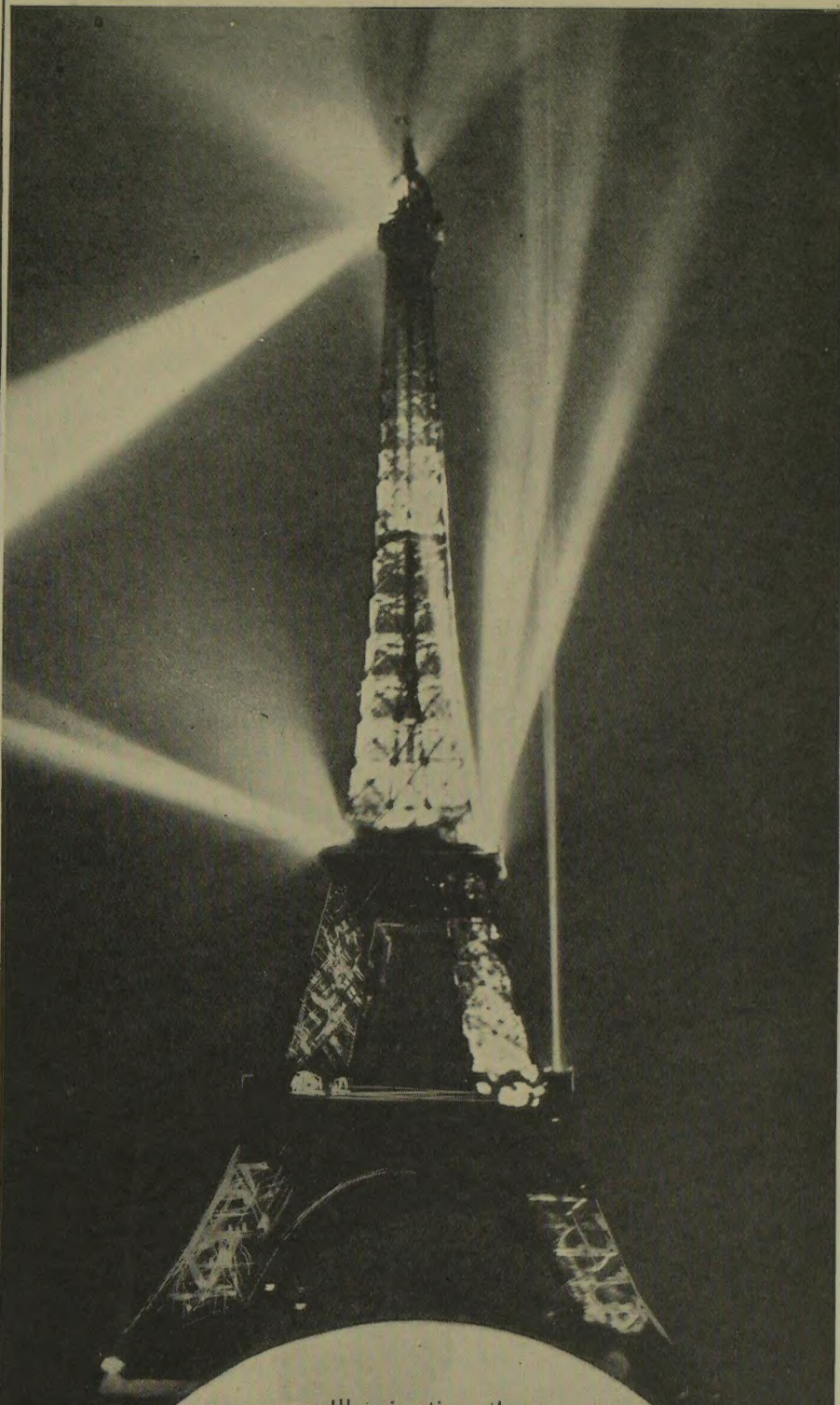
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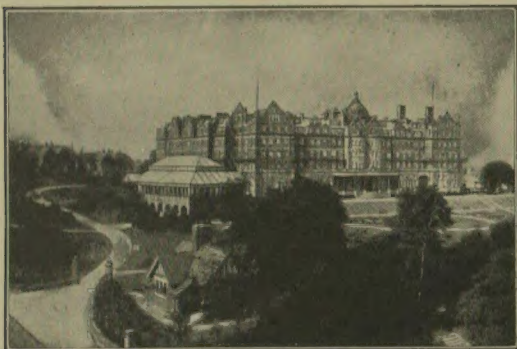
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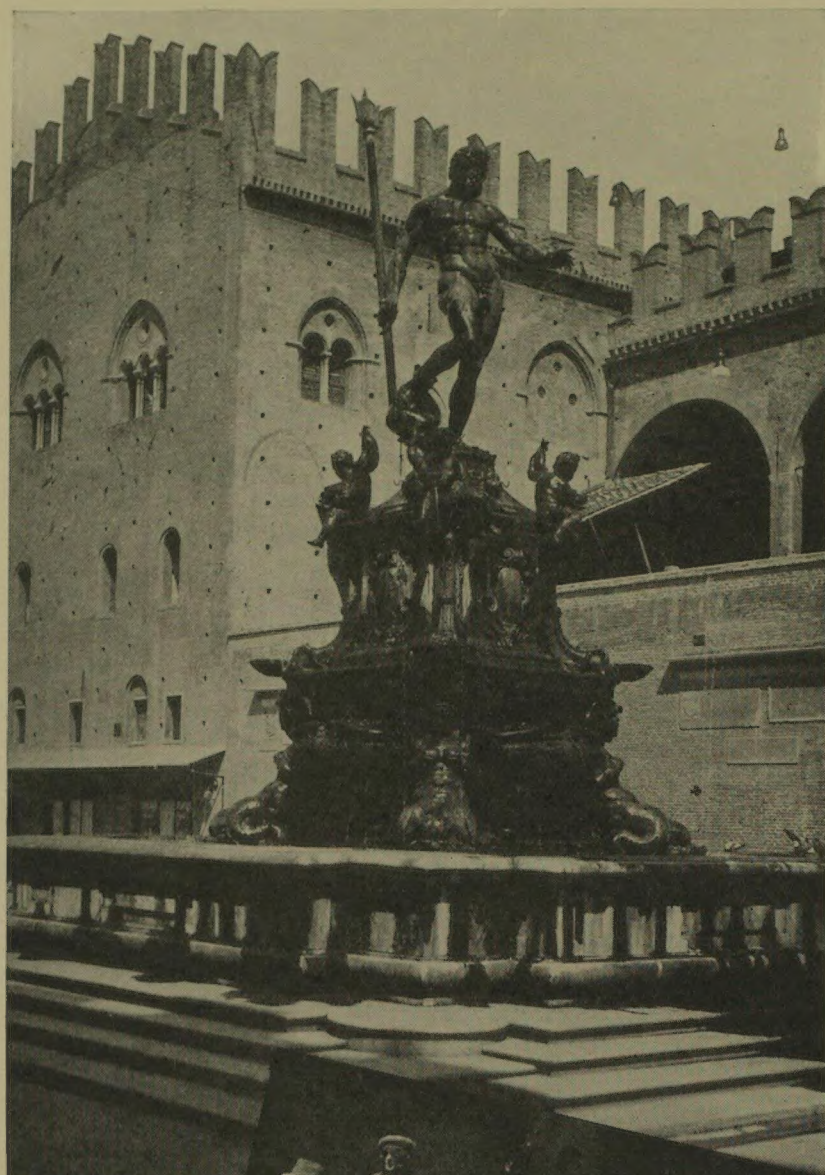
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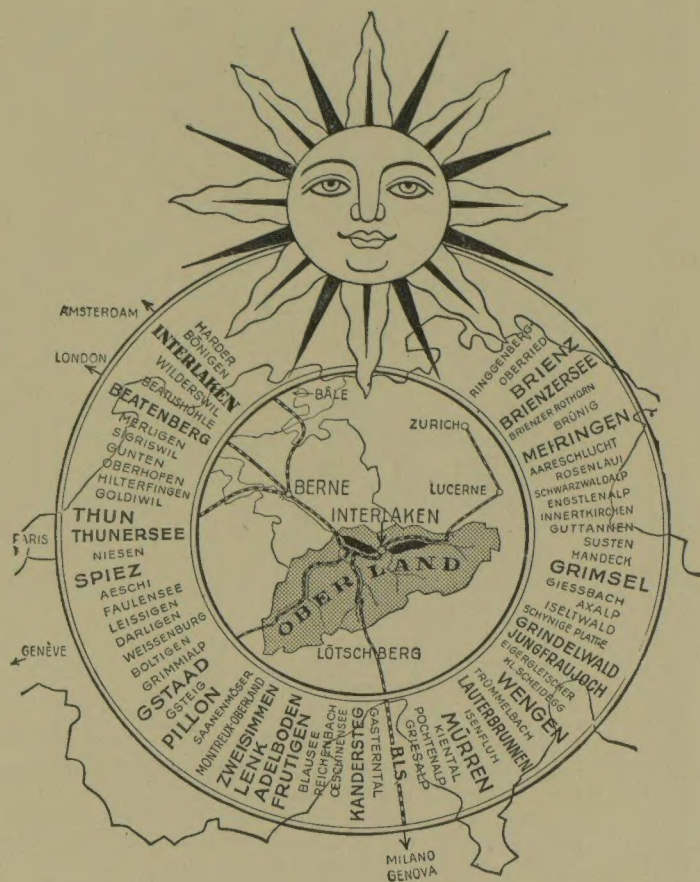
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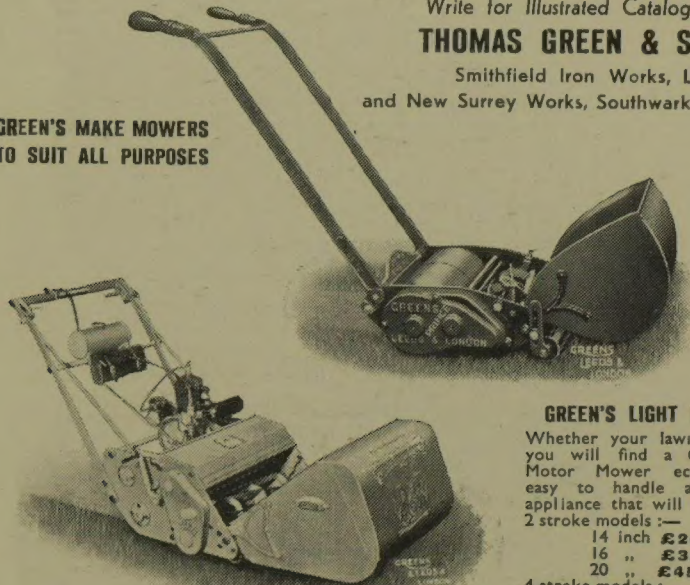
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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1937.

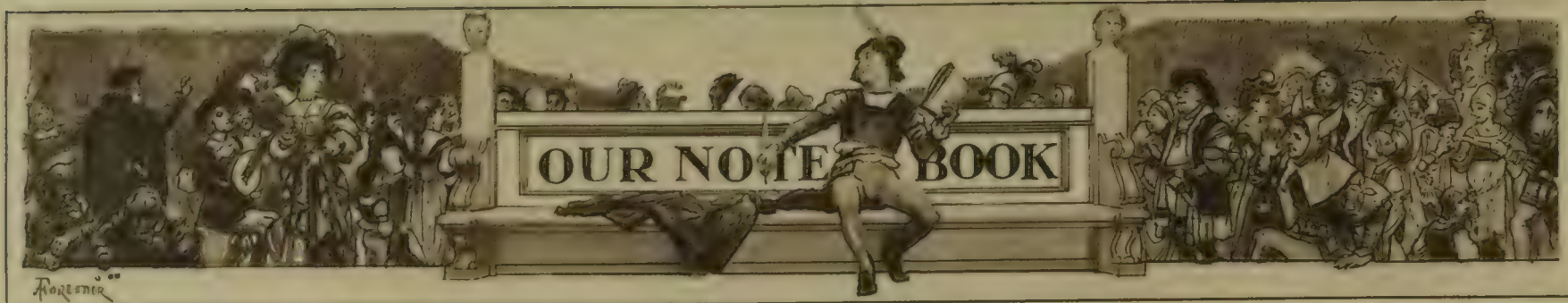


THE KING AND QUEEN AND THEIR DAUGHTERS AFTER THE CORONATION: THEIR MAJESTIES WEARING THEIR CROWNS AND ROBES, WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH (THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE) AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN THEIR ROBES AND CORONETS.

This portrait group is of historic interest as being one of the first taken after the Coronation showing the King and Queen and their children in full robes, including crowns and coronets, as they appeared during the ceremony. It is hardly necessary to point out, perhaps, that his Majesty is not here wearing St. Edward's Crown,

with which the actual rite of Coronation was performed, but the Imperial State Crown, which he assumed at a later stage and wore in the procession back to Buckingham Palace. The Queen's Crown, which contains among its jewels the Koh-i-Noor diamond, and the Princesses' coronets were specially made for the occasion.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SO much has been written about the Coronation that it seems an impertinence to write more. But, writing this page a few hours after the ceremony, it is still almost impossible to write about anything else. Apart from all the usual things, great and small, that everybody noticed, three things struck me that nobody else, so far as I know, has thought it worth while to mention. One is trivial; the other two, I think, important. Eight hours is a long time to wait in a very narrow seat, but, apart altogether from the pleasure of seeing the ceremony, the long morning sojourn there was bliss to a busy man, for no one could ring one up. I saw a great many public men in the gallery opposite me, and, though perhaps unconsciously, they must have been grateful for this respite.

The other two points that struck me arose even before I reached the Abbey. On the previous night, making my way to the house behind the Abbey where I was to pass such portion of the night as offered itself for sleep, I had occasion to cross the processional route three times: in Piccadilly, on the north side of which I live, and which is, as it were, my village street; again in Pall Mall, and a couple of hundred yards further in the Mall. The crowds were already assembling, though it was not yet eleven o'clock: little groups of respectably dressed, middle-class folk, many of them looking as though they had travelled from far, were settling themselves down cheerfully and patiently on the steps of doorways to sleep against one another's shoulders, while the outer edge of the pavement was lined with people sitting on the curb. They seemed very happy, and many of them, I noticed, had bottles of beer in their coat pockets; I should have liked to have looked at the labels and so seen from what part of Britain they hailed. Others were singing in little groups; in Pall Mall, under the windows of a very silent, very sombre, and very exclusive club, somebody was playing an accordion. Down the middle of the road proceeded a continuous stream of cars and taxis, on the roofs of which many of his Majesty's liege subjects were sitting, in preference to the seats inside: I have no idea why. One pair, lovers or a young married couple I should say from their charming appearance, particularly pleased me: they were sitting on either side of a taxi, facing each other and seated on the hood, and each was holding a large red-and-white rabbit with a blue ribbon. This sounds silly, but it didn't seem so in the least at the time: it was entirely in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Somehow the West End of London, which in recent years has become to my eyes rather a garish, lifeless, colourless sort of place, was quite transformed; it was as full of life and rich, jolly humanity as a provincial fair. Everybody was making a noise, because they were out for a good time, and the prospect of a long and probably rather cold vigil was not stopping them. The commonality of England

was enjoying itself; and once again it was borne on the mind that ours is a very good-humoured nation. It is only when the provinces come to London that one realises this fully—particularly when there is some occasion, a Cup-tie final or such a great national solemnity as this, that summons the broad, generous-hearted North. This had never occurred to me before. The rich speech of all our diverse land was audible as I threaded my way through the crowd. I was wearing a top-hat, so I gave a great deal of pleasure—a comic herald of the infinitely richer delights to come.

wooden throne where in a few hours yet another of the long line of English kings was to be crowned: pictured him walking in the Park he planted with trees and peopled with ducks, taking, as he so loved to do, "that delicious kind of pleasure called sauntering." The site of the palace where he spent the night of his vigil before his crowning was on my left; that of his successor—the thirteenth since his time—on my right. I could see the fantastic outline of the Foreign Office, covering the spot where once Pepys rose early, leaving his wife and servant Jane, to go to a crowning: most characteristic of British institutions, with its genius for compromise and illogical persuasion, which by some almost mystical feat of diplomatic legerdemain has succeeded in securing the attendance at the ceremony of the representatives both of the King of Italy and of Haile Selassie.

I slept, or rather waked incessantly between sleep, in one of the little houses that have lain almost in the shadow of the Abbey since the days of Queen Anne. Throughout the night the chimes sounded, as they had sounded before the sacrificing of so many kings; they kept me awake, for it is not good to sleep too much on such a night. I got up earlier than I had intended, breakfasted by candlelight in a little panelled room that had seen gentlemen in wigs and patches, perhaps breakfasting before a Coronation as I was. Then I set out for the Abbey through the quiet streets.

There was a gentleman in long red robes with a soft hat crowned with feathers; a gentleman who looked like a very victorious Admiral, but wasn't; and another, all red and gold and white feathers, who looked like the father of all Field Marshals, but wasn't either. They were hurrying down the street, and, for all the talk of crowds of the last few days, they were the only people except myself in the street. I felt very much of an intruder, like a Victorian gentleman of nice breeding who had accidentally stumbled on a piece of bathing beach reserved for ladies, or a stray member of the audience behind the scenes of a pageant. I was only reassured by the line of motors coming up Tufton Street, though even these, I noticed, were carrying ladies and gentlemen in the costumes of the Middle Ages. Dean's Yard was a moving gleam of feathers and uniforms against a background of grey stone—the prelude of what was to come. Facing the door by which I was to enter the cloisters was a company of the Yeomen of the Guard—and it struck me, with a flash, seeing them there in their glory, what

a wonderfully dressed country England must have been in the past, and how perfectly the bright primary colours in which its chief men and women went abroad were suited to the half-tones of our grey, half-liquid climate. Against that soft background, the clear reds and blues and whites of old England shone like jewels. This day, that our purblind eyes might learn a lesson from the past, they shone for us again.



DISTINGUISHED MEN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE IN THE CORONATION HONOURS LIST:
THE NINE NEW BARONS.

Dr. Addison held office in Liberal Cabinets and was the first Minister of Health (1919-21). After he joined the Labour Party he was Minister of Agriculture.—Sir George Bowyer has been Conservative Whip and Comptroller of the Household.—Sir John Cadman, a distinguished technologist, who has frequently advised the Government, is Chairman of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and Iraq Petroleum Company.—Sir Ernle Chatfield is First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff.—Mr. J. S. Elias is chairman and managing director of Odham's Press, and a great power in the publishing world, as being concerned with numerous important newspapers and other publications.—Colonel Denison-Pender is governor and joint managing director of Cables and Wireless.—Sir George Penny is Treasurer of the Household. He has been Comptroller of the Household and a Conservative Whip.—Sir Walter Russell Rea was formerly Comptroller of the Household and Chief Liberal Whip.—Sir John Siddeley is chairman and managing director of Armstrong Siddeley Motors and Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft. He has lately bought and presented to the nation Kenilworth Castle (illustrated on another page).

Then I passed out of the noise of the people and the traffic into the darkness and silence of St. James's Park and the little streets behind the Abbey. Small groups were passing me all the time, but as I crossed the bridge over the lake I might almost have been in my own Buckinghamshire fields: the trees were heavy with sleep and the night sky clear above them. I thought of Charles II., who was crowned on the old

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN CORONATION DRESS: A HISTORIC PORTRAIT GROUP.



AFTER THE CORONATION: THE KING AND QUEEN, ROBED AND CROWNED, WITH QUEEN MARY AND OTHERS OF THE IMMEDIATE ROYAL CIRCLE. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE SEEN THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, QUEEN MARY, THE KING, PRINCESS MARGARET, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF KENT, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, AND QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY, SISTER OF KING GEORGE V.—[Photograph by Hay Wrightson.]

THE SURPRISE ROYAL DRIVE IN NORTH LONDON: GREAT POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.



THE KING AND QUEEN MAKING AN UNHERALDED AND INFORMAL TOUR THROUGH NORTHERN DISTRICTS OF LONDON TO SEE THE CORONATION DECORATIONS: A DELIGHTED CROWD ROUND THE ROYAL CAR IN SHEPHERDESS WALK, SHOREDITCH—PROOF THAT THEIR MAJESTIES ARE ENTHRONED IN THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

On the day after the Coronation, the King and Queen spent some two hours driving in a closed car for fifteen miles through Clerkenwell, Islington, Shoreditch, Kentish Town, and other adjacent parts of North London, to see the decorations, which, even in the humbler streets, were astonishing in their lavishness. Frequently the Queen touched the King's arm to draw his attention to some particularly

effective display. The tour was unheralded and informal, but rumours of their approach quickly spread, and everywhere they were greeted by delighted crowds. There could be no more convincing proof of the widespread loyalty and affection with which their Majesties are regarded by the mass of the people, and they were deeply moved. A small body of police accompanied the royal car to clear the way.

SPECTACULAR PHASES OF THE "HINDENBURG" DISASTER: THE

WORLD'S LARGEST AIRSHIP A BLAZING WRECK BY EXPLOSION.



THE FIRST PHASE OF THE CATASTROPHE, IN WHICH 35 LIVES WERE LOST: A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT THE AFTER END OF THE HUGE ZEPPELIN, WHICH WAS CARRYING 97 PEOPLE, AS SHE APPROACHED THE MOORING-MAST AT LAKEHURST, AFTER CRUISING ROUND IN A THUNDERSTORM.

AFTER the destruction of the great German airship "Hindenburg," which exploded while mooring on arrival at Lakehurst, New Jersey, some fifty miles from New York, on May 6, it was announced that the United States Government would hold four separate investigations into the cause of the disaster, to be organized respectively by the Department of Commerce, the Navy Department, the Air Safety Committee of the Senate, and the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate. Meanwhile Germany sent to New York a special commission of experts, under Dr. Hugo Eckener, the airship's designer and former commander and chairman of the Zeppelin Company. An official statement issued from its American headquarters gave the total number of people aboard the "Hindenburg" as 97 (61 crew and 36 passengers), and the number of dead and missing as 20 crew, 11 passengers, and one groundman. Further deaths occurred among the injured, and the total of dead was given later as 35. It will be recalled that the "Hindenburg" had been cruising round for about an hour, owing to a thunderstorm, before approaching the mooring-mast, and that when she did so, as the weather improved, a terrific explosion occurred at the after end of the airship, which crashed in flames. The news aroused strong sympathy in this country, and the King sent a message of condolence to Herr Hitler. It was officially announced in Berlin on May 9 that all services of the "Graf Zeppelin" would be suspended pending an inquiry.

(Continued opposite)

(RIGHT) THE CLOSING SCENE: THE FORE PART OF THE BLAZING WRECK, AFTER IT HAD CRASHED, SINKING TO THE EARTH, WITH FUGITIVES DIMLY VISIBLE (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND).



AFTER THE GIANT AIRSHIP HAD CRASHED TO THE GROUND IN FLAMES, BUT BEFORE THE FIRE HAD COMPLETELY ENVELOPED THE FORWARD END—HERE SEEN ALMOST VERTICAL: AN INTERMEDIATE STAGE OF THE DISASTER BETWEEN THOSE SHOWN IN THE OTHER TWO PHOTOGRAPHS.

(Continued.)

by General Cöring, the Air Minister, into the fate of the "Hindenburg." It was reported also that he had ordered the speeding-up of the construction of her successor, "LZ 130," to be finished this autumn, and that three more airships would then be begun. The "Hindenburg" was the largest airship in the world, and had safely

accomplished 10 Transatlantic flights. The "Graf Zeppelin," half her size, has crossed the Atlantic 90 times between Germany and Brazil. Dr. Eckener was reported to have said that henceforth airships must use the non-inflammable gas, helium, instead of hydrogen. Helium has less lifting power and is more expensive.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GIANTS AMONG FISHES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just come across some most interesting notes by Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, wherein he records a rather surprising number of cases where ships at sea have come into collision, during recent years, with the great whale-shark (*Rhiodon*) (Fig. 1), the largest

The mere mention of *Rhiodon* inevitably calls to mind the imposing personality of its near relation, the basking-shark (Fig. 2), which haunts our northern waters, often in schools, when, in fine weather, it has a habit of lying at the surface, not so much, probably, for the sake of a "sun-bath" as to satisfy its hunger,

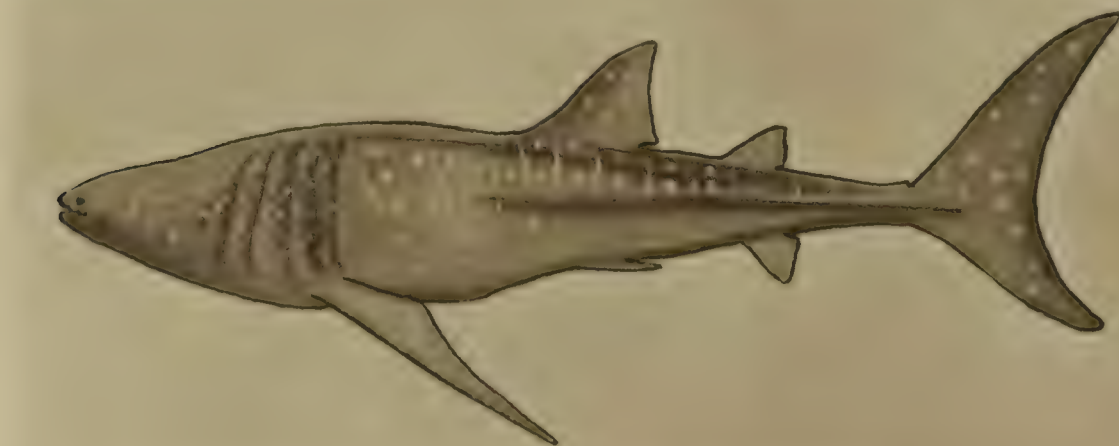
agreement is significant, for it is apparently closely related to their mode of feeding.

By way of contrast, let me take another, if somewhat lesser, "giant," the Greenland shark (*Lamargus*), an inhabitant of Arctic seas, though on occasions wandering southwards as far as our northern shores. About 26 ft. long, it is only slightly inferior in size to our "pike-whale," or lesser rorqual. But though clumsily built and having but small teeth, it displayed, the old whalers tell us, great ferocity in attacking the ponderous Greenland whale, biting pieces out of its side. A herd of them would even attack a harpooned animal drawn up to the ship for flensing. And so great was the fury of their attack that knives thrust into their heads by the whalers produced no relaxation of it. This is rather surprising, since the teeth of the upper jaw are small and conical, while those of the lower jaw have a very singular shape, as their points are turned inwards and the cutting edge of the tooth is formed by its inner margin. Nevertheless, they seem to form very formidable and efficient weapons!

The "giants" of to-day among the sharks, or any other living fishes, fall far short of the now extinct *Carcharodon*, which is estimated to have been not less than 90 ft. in length. This estimate is based on fossil teeth, and teeth dredged up from great depths in the Pacific. These are of huge size, triangular in shape, and with serrated edges. From the base to the tip of the crown, they measure no less than 6 in.—about twice the breadth of one's hand! We may be

fairly sure that the estimated length of the living animal is approximately correct by comparing the exactly similar teeth of the great white-shark or of the great blue-shark (*Carcharias*). These are "man-eaters," and renowned for their ferocity. But they do not exceed 30 ft. in length—less than one third of their now extinct relative.

Between sharks and dog-fish, no hard-and-fast distinction can be made. But the line may, perhaps, be arbitrarily drawn at 5 ft. Be this as it may, they all present a surprising range in regard to haunts and feeding-habits. There are a few deep-sea forms, there is one fresh-water species found in Lake Nicaragua; some are bottom



1. THE LARGEST LIVING FISH, WHICH MAY ATTAIN A LENGTH OF 70 FT., EXCEEDING THAT OF ALL BUT SIBBALD'S RORQUAL AMONG THE WHALES: THE WHALE-SHARK (*RHIODON*), WHICH, UNLIKE THE TYPICAL SHARKS, HAS ITS MOUTH AT THE END OF THE SNOUT AND NOT UNDERNEATH IT.

living fish, which ranges from 50 ft. to 70 ft. in length, and thus exceeds in size all but the largest whales. These strange accidents seem to be due to what nowadays is known as "jay-walking"! Of a quiet and contemplative disposition, it is found lying at the surface, apparently basking in the sun, regardless of possible traffic across its track!

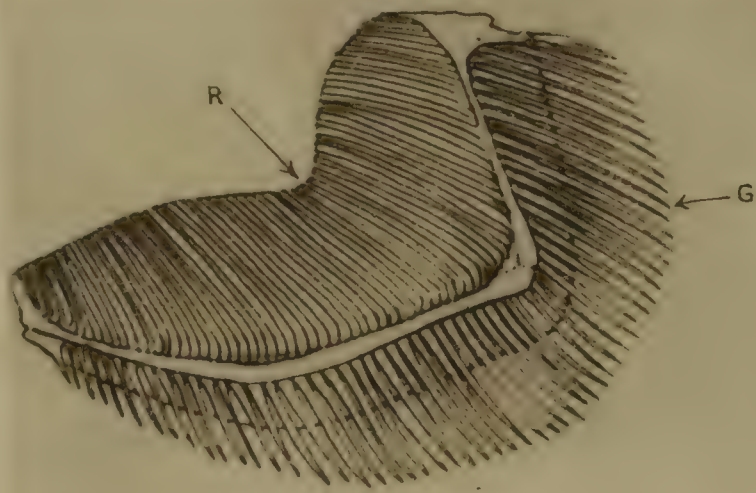
This leviathan of the deep is not merely interesting because it is a leviathan; far from it, for it presents structural characters of no small importance if they are considered in relation to its mode of life. In its general appearance it differs markedly from the typical sharks in that the mouth is found close up to the snout and not well under the head, as is the rule in the shark tribe. Now, the reason for this becomes apparent when the nature of its food and the mode of capture are considered. For it lives, not upon other fish, or prey which has to be chased at speed, but on the floating organisms which make up what is known as the "plankton," minute crustaceans, molluscs, and so on, which swarm in the water at or just below the surface. These myriads are drawn into the mouth and filtered off from the water which enters during the act of breathing by means of great fringes of extremely long, slender rods, projecting forwards into the mouth from the gill-arches, and are then swallowed. They perform the same function, indeed, as the baleen-plates of the right-whales and rorquals. But these hang down from the roof of the mouth, since the whales, being lung-breathers, have no gill-arches. The gills of *Rhiodon*, by the way, are borne along the hinder border of the gill-arches; and hence it has come about that the teeth, relieved of their functions, have degenerated into minute, conical remnants of what were once "sharks' teeth." The coloration of the body reflects this indolent mode of life. For its general hue is of a bluish-grey and marked by white spots, forming an admirable protective livery harmonising with the gleaming, sunlit surface-waters which are its haunts.

Its geographical range is fairly extensive, being coincident with tropical and sub-tropical waters. It seems to be most frequently met with in the Red Sea and eastwards to the Bay of Bengal, while examples have also been taken in the Pacific as far south as Brazil, and California in the north. In all, since 1924 there are about ten instances of their meeting with fatal injuries as a result of a collision with large steamships.



2. REMARKABLE FOR THE GREAT SIZE OF THE GILL-SLITS, WHICH EXTEND FROM THE THROAT TO THE TOP OF THE BACK: THE GREAT BASKING-SHARK, WHICH ATTAINS TO A LENGTH OF 40 FT.

since here also the minute organisms which seem to afford its principal sustenance would be swarming. This effortless mode of feeding is here again attested by the great length of its gill-rakers. The feeble development of the teeth would make the capture of large prey impossible. Though smaller than *Rhiodon*, it is still to be counted one of the giants of its tribe, attaining to a length of 40 ft., which is at least 10 ft. longer than the lesser rorqual among the whales, and quite as large as the average-sized Rudolph's rorqual, which never exceeds a length of 50 ft. But the whales pursue their food, while the basking-shark, like its near relation, may almost be said to invite its food to walk into its mouth. This species, by the way, stands alone among the sharks in the enormous length of the gill-slits, which nearly meet one another on the underside of the head and extend upwards to the level of the back, a feature so far unexplained. Nor is anything known of its mode of reproduction. In regard to this matter of the gill-openings, it should be mentioned that they are nearly as long in *Rhiodon*, wherein they do not extend downwards under the head, nor quite so high towards the back. But their general



3. SIMILAR TO THE GREAT GILL-RAKERS OF THE WHALE- AND BASKING-SHARKS: ONE OF THE GILL-BARS OF THE ALLIS-SHAD; SHOWING THE GREAT LENGTH OF THE GILL-RAKERS (R), USED, LIKE THE BALEEN-PLATES OF WHALES, IN CAPTURING MINUTE ORGANISMS, AND THE TRUE GILLS (G), BY WHICH BREATHING IS EFFECTED.

feeders, but most frequent the open sea. Some, the bottom-feeders, prey on crustacea and molluscs, but most are voracious hunters of other fish. Among the indubitable sharks we find the same differences. But the largest of all, those sluggish monsters, the whale-shark and the basking-shark, feed on minute organisms. What agencies have brought about this "giantism"?

HIS MAJESTY'S STATE VISIT TO THE CITY: BEFLAGGED LUDGATE HILL.



AS IT WAS FOR THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON TO THE KING AND QUEEN AND AS IT WILL BE FOR THE CORONATION THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S: LUDGATE HILL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CATHEDRAL.

When the King, accompanied by the Queen, paid his State visit to the City on May 19 he was met at Temple Bar by the Lord Mayor, who surrendered the Pearl Sword—presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1571—to his Majesty, in accordance with custom, and received it back again. The civic deputation then preceded the royal carriages to Guildhall, where their Majesties were entertained at luncheon. Mr. Frank O. Salisbury has been commissioned to paint the scene

in Guildhall, and his picture will be the gift of Viscount Wakefield to the City Corporation. On May 24, the King and Queen will attend a Coronation Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. The decoration of the City thoroughfares is from a design by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., and consists of the City banner suspended between strips of red from which depend blue ornaments. Red and white bunting stretches to the buildings on either side.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY LILI RÉTHI.

N.B.: The Sword Ceremony was not observed on May 19, owing to the rain.

SYSTEMS AND ALL THAT.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MONTE CARLO CASINO": By GENERAL PIERRE POLOVTSOFF.*

(PUBLISHED BY STANLEY PAUL.)

GENERAL PIERRE POLOVTSOFF is the President of the International Sporting Club of Monte Carlo, which is the *Cercle Privé* of the Casino, separated from it only by a subway, and is for favoured players who wish to avoid their fellows in the mass, and to concern themselves chiefly with cards. After some thirty years' experience of that artificial town whose name is synonymous with gaming, what he does not know about the tables, those who frequent them, and those who live by them, would not fill a book. And he is nothing if not frank and informative.

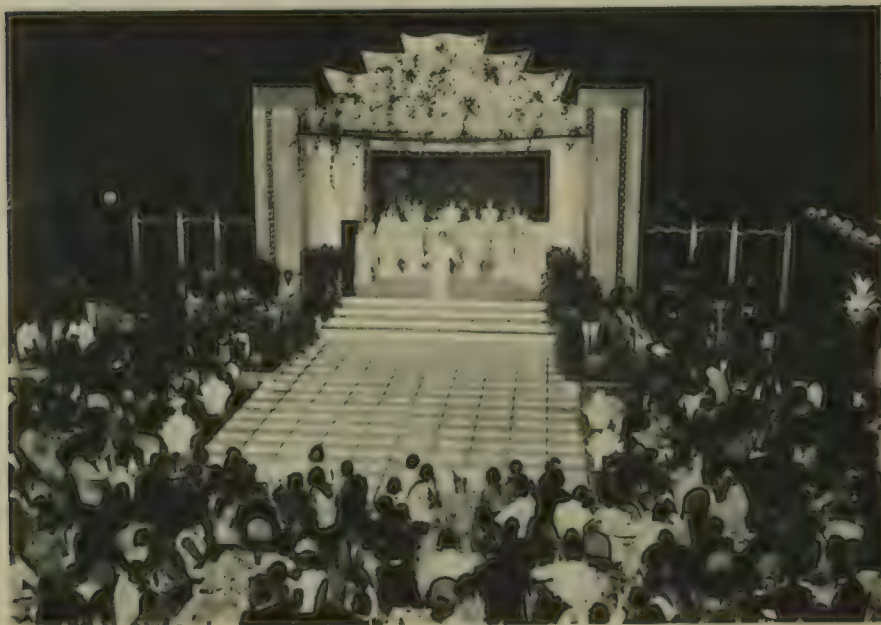
Blanc, who saved Homburg from bankruptcy by building a pump-room and casino, and took over the new Monte Carlo Casino in 1863, starting "La Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers à Monaco," much to the high-falutin' pleasure of John Addington Symonds, had a cynical saying: "He who breaks the Bank to-day will assuredly return to be broken by the Bank to-morrow." General Polovtsoff is of the same opinion, but, although he holds that gambling is very stupid, he is convinced that it is the easiest, quickest and pleasantest way of getting rid of worldly possessions, and is certain that little, if any, harm comes of it in the majority of cases, for the simple reason that most people chance the vagaries of the roulette wheel, the shoe, or the deal as they bet on horse races or the dogs or buy a chance in a lottery, not so much with the idea of making money as for the thrill of the "kick" it gives them when they are in carefree, holiday mood. He is at pains, also, and fairly, to point out that, although Monte Carlo immediately recalls the man who broke the Bank and strolled along the Bois de Bœlong with an independent air, it has such a variety of amusements that the visitor need not pass through the Casino's doors: devotees of sun-bathing can oil and grill themselves to a tan on the Beach and swim; the town and the environs are charming; there are the exotic Gardens of the Moyenne Corniche; there is everything the connoisseur of foods and wines could covet; there is the Theatre, with comedies and operettas; there are concerts, opera, golf, tennis,

became the rage to follow the number of the pre-sermon hymn in the English church, until the parson, not being a fool, saw to it that no hymn below No. 37 was sung. His congregation dwindled! Genuine hangman's rope—from Tashkent—has been borne to the rooms, to prove as ineffective as juniper-wood smoked Glory Hand was alleged to have been effective! A woman, wealthy and respected, believed in the pig as a charm. The "lucky pigs" of the shops had no virtues in her eyes. She could not take a live porker into even the precincts. "So she compromised by bringing with her every day a generous portion of ham, which she calmly sliced up and ate while sitting at the table. This caused a good deal of annoyance to the other players, and at last the authorities had to beg her to reduce her daily portion to a reasonable size: she was too useful to the bank to be dealt with severely. She agreed to bring in only a few shavings of ham, which were unnoticed by the majority of players, but nothing would induce her to give up the habit altogether." General Polovtsoff, though disdainful of such weaknesses, is inclined to credit astrology, and believe in the money-making potentialities of the horoscope. He is careful to write, however: "For a horoscope the most exact information is essential, and the greater the details concerning the date, time and general circumstances of one's birth the more accurate it will be. In fact, unless these things are known, the horoscope will be of no real value; for instance, one cannot expect very much if one only knows the date of one's birth, and not the hour. Given all this information, an astologist can find out when the stars form a lucky combination for gambling. These combinations only occur once or twice a month, and last only about ten minutes. No one can honestly claim that one is bound to win during these moments; probably the accuracy of the forecasts is no higher than 70 per cent. at the most, but this cannot be taken

as proving that there is nothing in astrology, because the stars incline and do not command. In other words, from the stars one can know only what is likely to happen to a particular individual; what actually happens depends



A CENTRE THAT HAS BECOME WORLD-FAMOUS: THE MONTE CARLO "BEACH" SWIMMING-POOL; WITH THE POINTE DE LA VIEILLE SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND.



THE SUMMER SPORTING CLUB IN MONTE CARLO: A CABARET SHOW ON THE TERRACE.

motor races and rallies, and ballets; and there is Monaco itself, with its quaint old streets and the famous Museum of Oceanography, with exhibits that include a *dorade* named Stresemann by that great German himself: "Fat and supercilious, he eyes with disdain the thousands of visitors who pass his tank, occasionally muttering a nautical oath as some particularly strange-looking human stops to stare at him." Stresemann did not flatter himself when he said: "That fish is extraordinarily like me!"

In the old days, the Directors "went on the principle that every visitor should gamble, and do nothing else, and resisted every new development that seemed likely to attract people out of the Casino." They are broader-minded now.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—or, as pre-war protestants might have had it, to return to our shorn lambs. Our General Ripleys with facts, and facts that sound like fantasies.

"Breaking the Bank is not nearly such an exciting thing as the expression implies, and even in 1891 [when Charles Wells did it several times a day], though it caused a great stir, there was no question of play being stopped." Wells had a system—and fabulous luck: "no system has ever made a gambler's fortune, although some have won with them." Which brings us to "superstitions." Some will play only round a certain number, others only on specified days and at selected times; a few will not go near the tables if an unlucky gambler is in the vicinity; many will rely on their own little mascots, or on the number of a ticket or a room; there was a period years ago during which it

that one is bound to win during these moments; probably the accuracy of the forecasts is no higher than 70 per cent. at the most, but this cannot be taken



THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB AT MONTE CARLO: A ROULETTE TABLE.

on himself. The stars are a guide only to certain forms of gambling. It is useless to expect them to indicate when you will win at bridge, for instance, because the luck of your opponent may be stronger than yours. In a game like roulette, on the other hand, one does not play against others, and so it is possible to find out when your particular numbers are likely to turn up. I only play seriously now according to the stars."

Others have pinned their faith not to the capriciousness of Dame Fortune, but to cunning, or to special and unexpected knowledge. Their day is done. Once upon a time an engineer won, and went away with, £70,000. He had realised that it was impossible to construct a perfect machine: "there were bound to be slight inaccuracies in the bearings which, in the case of a roulette wheel, would cause certain numbers to appear more frequently than others." For weeks he employed clerks to take down the numbers as they came up on all the tables. "The statistics bore out his theory, and he found that one particular wheel gave certain numbers with considerable frequency. In this way he found no difficulty in winning £60,000 in four days." The Administration, realising what had happened, changed the wheels from table to table. On the fifth day the engineer, playing against what he thought was the same wheel, lost £40,000. He saw light. "He had noticed that on the wheel on which he had been playing there was a tiny scratch, and this enabled him to identify it." Next, the Administration replaced the old roulette wheels by new ones with interchangeable parts, "and not only were the wheels themselves changed from table to table every day, but the component parts were shuffled too, so that each table started the day's play with what was virtually a new wheel. . . . The practice of changing the wheel in this way has, of course, been continued ever since."

At times, attempts to beat the Bank have been made by swindlers. None has succeeded for long: the play is

so watched by Casino experts who are well aware of every trick, that anything the least out of the normal is suspect. No artifice remains a secret, especially those that might serve in games of baccara and chemin-de-fer (two versions of the same game), where the gamblers play against each other instead of against the Bank, as in roulette and trente-et-quarante. But one instance need be mentioned. Ingenuity was evident, but it was unavailing. Chemin-de-fer baccara was the chosen medium for a get-rich-quick dodge. Four of the ten players had astounding luck. Then the Inspector on duty noticed a queer thing. Each of the winners was wearing dark glasses. The Inspector thought it odd. "Half-ashamed of himself for being so suspicious, half-convinced that he is merely pulling his own leg, he borrows a pair of dark glasses and watches

(Continued on page 974.)

* "Monte Carlo Casino." By General Pierre Polovtsoff, President of the International Sporting Club; Author of "Glory and Downfall." With Illustrations. (Stanley Paul and Co., 18s.)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY: THEIR MAJESTIES PASSING TEMPLE BAR.



WHEN RAIN CAUSED A DEPARTURE FROM TRADITION, THE PEARL SWORD NOT BEING SURRENDERED TO THE KING:
HIS MAJESTY ENTERING THE CITY BY CAR, WITHOUT THE CUSTOMARY CEREMONY AT TEMPLE BAR.

In accordance with the traditional custom by which English monarchs have specially honoured the City of London in the year of their Coronation, the King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall on May 19 to take luncheon with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens. It was originally intended that their Majesties should drive in an open landau drawn by Windsor Greys, but, in view of the inclement state of the weather, the arrangements were altered

and cars substituted. In spite of the weather, huge crowds gathered to see their Majesties pass, and cheered them loudly. The picturesque ceremony which traditionally attends the entrance of the Sovereign into the City at Temple Bar, and the surrender of the historic Pearl Sword by the Lord Mayor, had also to be abandoned in view of the rain. This last-minute decision caused great disappointment among the crowds who had gathered expressly to witness this ceremony.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY: Their Majesties The King and Queen Entertained to Luncheon by the Lord Mayor in Guildhall.

In this remarkable photograph of the company at Guildhall, there are seen at the high table on the dais (from left to right) Princess Marie Louise, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, the Earl of Athlone, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Gloucester, Queen Mary, the Lord Mayor, the Queen, the King, the Lady Mayoress, the Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, Lord Harewood, Lady Maud Carnegie, Lord Carnegie, and Princess Helena Victoria.

THERE was a brilliant scene in Guildhall on May 19, when their Majesties the King and Queen, with more than twenty other members of the Royal Family, were entertained to luncheon by the Lord Mayor (Sir George Broadbridge) and the Corporation of the City of London. It was the King's first visit to the City since his accession. The Great Hall had been specially decorated for the occasion, and on a raised dais at one end, were two gilded thrones, backed by a white screen bearing the royal Arms. There were some interesting departures from precedent. For the first time on such an occasion, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, by command of the King, had their places at the Royal table. Previously, the Lord Mayor had sat with the Aldermen at the head of the first table below the dais, whenever a newly crowned Sovereign has dined in Guildhall on the first Lord Mayor's Day after the Coronation, or has paid a special visit to the City to attend a luncheon forming part of the Coronation festivities, as did King Edward VII., whose example was followed by King George V. When the last-named King took luncheon in Guildhall in 1911, before it began a loyal address was read and presented to him, and his Majesty replied. Here again there was an innovation, for this procedure was not repeated on May 19. When the King and Queen had reached their places, a grace of 1546 was sung by four students of the Guildhall School of Music. The concluding grace was said by the Archbishop of Canterbury. There were no speeches, and only three toasts. Those of "The King" and of "The Queen, Queen Mary, and the other members of the Royal Family" were given by the Lord Mayor. Finally, at the King's command, the Common Crier gave that of "The Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London." Among the distinguished company were Ruling Princes of India. Afterwards his Majesty conferred the K.C.V.O. on the Lord Mayor and knighted Alderman and Sheriff Frank Pollitzer and Sheriff Charles McRae.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY MILES AND KAYE, LTD.

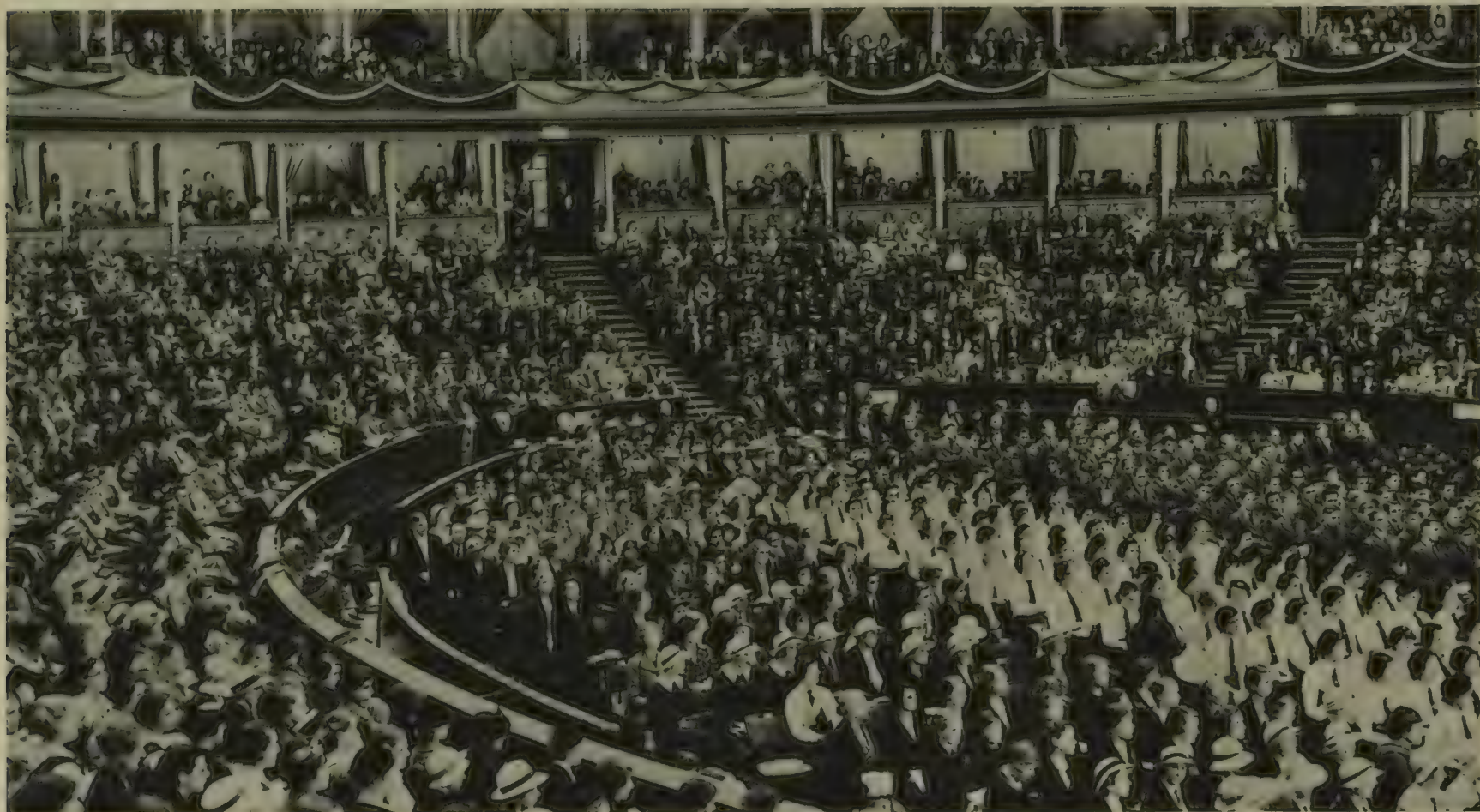


HIS MAJESTY SETTING A PRECEDENT: THE KING AND QUEEN ON



THE ROYAL DAIS WITH THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS AT THE GUILDHALL LUNCHEON.

MR. BALDWIN'S CALL TO YOUTH IN A FAREWELL SPEECH AS PREMIER.



"GOVERNORS OF THE FUTURE," TO WHOM MR. BALDWIN APPEALED TO MAINTAIN THE TRADITIONS OF DEMOCRACY: THE GREAT AUDIENCE AT THE EMPIRE YOUTH RALLY IN THE ALBERT HALL—8000 YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, AGED BETWEEN 16 AND 19, REPRESENTING EVERY NATION IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.



THE OCCASION WHEN MR. BALDWIN (SEEN, LEANING FORWARD, A LITTLE BEYOND THE STANDING FIGURE—EARL DE LA WARR, SPEAKING) DELIVERED HIS "LAST SPEECH BEFORE A GREAT AUDIENCE AS PRIME MINISTER": THE PLATFORM AND PART OF THE AUDIENCE IN THE ALBERT HALL AT THE EMPIRE YOUTH RALLY.

At the Empire Youth Rally in the Albert Hall, on May 18, Mr. Baldwin, in a farewell "speech before a great audience as Prime Minister," delivered a rousing call to youth to carry on British political ideals. "You," he declared, "are the governors of the future. We vest in you the duty of guarding what is worthy in our past, our heritage, and our traditions. . . . Democracy is crying to you to-day for the leadership of the next generation. . . . To-day Europe is neither at war nor at peace, but stands at armed attention. . . . Peace in some quarters is proclaimed as a bad dream and war glorified. . . . As long as the British

Empire lasts we will raise our voices against these false gods. . . . We are still an Empire. And what is her secret? Freedom, ordered freedom, within the law. . . . It is an Empire organised for peace and free development of the individual." On concluding Mr. Baldwin received a tremendous ovation. Earlier in the evening the Duke of Gloucester had unexpectedly appeared with a message of good wishes from the King and Queen and made a short speech. The Rally was initiated by the National Council of Education of Canada. Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., presided. Among the speakers was Mr. J. A. Lyons, Premier of Australia.



A TYPICAL BRITISH BATTLESHIP OF TRADITIONAL DESIGN IN THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE "REVENGE," WHICH FOUGHT AT JUTLAND, LYING AT SPITHEAD; AND OTHER BATTLESHIPS.



THE LARGEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD AT SPITHEAD FOR THE CORONATION REVIEW: H.M.S. "HOOD," THE 42,000-TON BATTLE-CRUISER, SEEN DRESSED OVERALL, ABOVE THE GUNS OF H.M.S. "REPULSE"; WITH OTHER BRITISH WARSHIPS BEYOND.

THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: THE "REVENGE" AND THE "HOOD."

FOREIGN WARSHIPS AT SPITHEAD: CORONATION COURTESY VISITS FROM MANY LANDS.



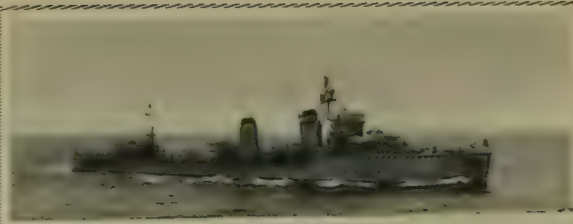
REPRESENTATIVE OF SWEDEN AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE COAST-DEFENCE VESSEL "DROTTNING VICTORIA," LAUNCHED IN 1917 (7120 TONS).



REPRESENTATIVE OF TURKEY AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE DESTROYER "KOCATEPE"; NAMED AFTER ONE OF KEMAL ATATURK'S VICTORIES IN ASIA MINOR.



REPRESENTATIVE OF POLAND AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE 1500-TON DESTROYER "BURZA" (A NAME MEANING "SQUALL"), BUILT IN FRANCE.



REPRESENTATIVE OF RUMANIA AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE 1900-TON DESTROYER "REGINA MARIA"; DESIGNED BY THORNY CROFT, OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BUILT AT NAPLES.



REPRESENTATIVE OF ESTONIA AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE SUBMARINE "KALEV," LAUNCHED AT BARROW LAST YEAR, BY VICKERS-ARMSTRONG.



REPRESENTATIVE OF JAPAN AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE 10,000-TON CRUISER "ASIGARA"—WHOSE UNCONVENTIONAL APPEARANCE ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION.



REPRESENTATIVE OF HOLLAND AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE ARMOURIED CRUISER "JAVA," WHICH MOUNTS TEN 6-IN. GUNS (6670 TONS).



REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SOVIET UNION AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE "MARAT"; A PRE-WAR BATTLESHIP MODERNISED, AND PROVIDED WITH SPACE FOR AIRCRAFT STOWAGE.



REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ARGENTINE AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE "MORENO," WITH A "WASTE-PAPER-BASKET" MAST.



REPRESENTATIVE OF GREECE: THE CRUISER "AVEROFF," THE ONLY FOREIGN VISITOR WHICH WAS ALSO PRESENT AT KING GEORGE V.'S CORONATION REVIEW.



REPRESENTING FINLAND AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE "VAINAMOINEN," A VERY UP-TO-DATE COAST-DEFENCE VESSEL, MOUNTING FOUR 10-IN. GUNS.



REPRESENTING DENMARK AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE RECENTLY MODERNISED COAST-DEFENCE VESSEL "NIELS IUEL," OF 3800 TONS.



REPRESENTING PORTUGAL AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE PORTUGUESE SLOOP "BARTOLOMEU DIAS," LAUNCHED ON THE TYNE IN 1934.

On this page we show some of the smaller foreign warships which visited Spithead for the Coronation Review, together with the big Argentine battleship, the "Moreno." Among the ships seen here, the Japanese cruiser "Asigara" probably attracted the most attention. She is a 10,000-ton Washington Treaty cruiser. Like many Japanese warships, there is a faint suggestion of the pagoda in her

appearance; in addition to which her raking funnels and "undulating" deck are both distinctive. The Soviet battleship "Marat" is named after the French Revolutionary leader. She was launched in 1911, and was then named the "Petro-pavlovsk." A conspicuous feature of this ship is her distorted fore funnel, the upper section being bent back aft.

FOREIGN SHIPS AT SPITHEAD: STARS AND STRIPES; TRICOLOUR; SWASTIKA.



A FOREIGN VISITOR FOR THE CORONATION REVIEW WHICH SERVED WITH THE GRAND FLEET IN THE NORTH SEA DURING THE WAR: THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "NEW YORK," WHICH LAY AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE OF FOREIGN WARSHIPS AT SPITHEAD.



MOST MODERN OF ALL THE FOREIGN BATTLESHIPS AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE FRENCH "DUNKERQUE"; CHARACTERISED BY A MAIN ARMAMENT MOUNTED IN QUADRUPE TURRETS; AND WITH A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF TONNAGE DEVOTED TO PROTECTION THAN ANY OTHER CAPITAL SHIP.



THE REVIVED GERMAN NAVY AT THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE "POCKET-BATTLESHIP" "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE," ONE OF THE FEW LARGE WARSHIPS IN THE WORLD PROPELLED BY DIESEL ENGINES.

The U.S.S. "New York" headed the line of foreign warships which visited Spithead for the Coronation Review. She is a pre-war battleship of 27,000 tons. During the Great War she served under Admiral Beatty with other American units, as the Sixth Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet. She then wore for a time the flag of Admiral Hugh Rodman, who represented the U.S. Navy at the Coronation ceremonies. The French battleship "Dunkerque" is a splendid new vessel, uniting

in herself the qualities of battleship and battle-cruiser. The arrangement of her main armament and general appearance is strongly reminiscent of our own "Rodney" and "Nelson." The "Admiral Graf Spee" is one of the German "pocket-battleships" which caused a considerable stir when they were launched. They are almost unique among large fighting ships in being propelled by Diesel engines in place of the more usual steam turbines.

THE FLEET AIR ARM'S FIRST CORONATION FLY-PAST: REPRESENTATIVE UNITS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



THE FIRST TIME THE FLEET AIR ARM HAS FIGURED IN A CORONATION REVIEW: BOMBING, RECONNAISSANCE, AND FIGHTER TYPES WHICH MUSTERED FOR THE CEREMONIAL FLY-PAST H.M. KING GEORGE VI. AT SPITHEAD.

The Fleet Air Arm controls all the aircraft used from H.M. ships at sea. These machines are either wheeled, for use from aircraft-carriers, or fitted with floats, or boat-bodied, for catapulting from the fighting ships. With the apparent exception of the new dive bombers (not yet in service) and the new Fairey Fighter reconnaissance float-planes, all the types illustrated played a part in the Coronation Naval Review. Many of the machines used have two types of undercarriage, one fitted with wheels for use with the carriers and another with floats for catapulting. There is only one boat type in general use in the Fleet Air Arm, this being the very efficient little "pusher" amphibian, the "Walrus." The newest types in use are the new Fairey float-plane and the Fairey "Swordfish."

All the aircraft are capable of having their wings folded back for stowage inside the carriers, or in the new hangars now finding a place in our latest cruisers and reconditioned battleships. The new Blackburn monoplane (which is now in production) is but 14 ft. wide with its wings folded, but with them open has a span of 46 feet. The "Osprey," seen getting off the flight deck of a carrier, has proved itself a very successful naval aircraft and is used both with wheels and floats. Notwithstanding the additional weight of the extra navigation instruments that must be carried by a naval aircraft, it is fast and would still prove to be a very dangerous opponent. The Navy's single-seater fighter, the Hawker "Himrod," is the marine equivalent of the "Fury" as used by the R.A.F.

A FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA OF THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE LEFT-HAND SECTION; SHOWING SHIPS ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. F. TURNER. FOR THE RIGHT-HAND SECTION OF THE PANORAMA SEE PAGES 949 AND 950.



A SPITHEAD PANORAMA, LOOKING WEST: HOME FLEET BATTLESHIPS HEADED BY THE "NELSON", FOREIGN WARSHIPS, AND (LEFT BACKGROUND) CRAFT OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

Above is reproduced the left-hand, or southern portion, of our four-page panorama of the Fleets lying at Spithead for the Coronation Review. It shows the Isle of Wight on the extreme left. The warships are seen in the positions assigned to them on the official Admiralty chart of the

Review. In the Review on May 20 the Royal Yacht bore their Majesties through the Fleet—going westwards between lines E and D (which are illustrated on the right-hand portion of the panorama—pages 949 and 950) and returning eastwards between lines F and G. Space allows us to give details of

only a few ships. On the extreme left is seen the "Royal Daffodil," the Mersey ferry-boat which played a famous part at Zeebrugge. At the head of the line of foreign warships is the U.S. battleship "New York." She was the flagship of the American squadron that served under Admiral

Beatty at the end of the war. Behind her is the French "Dunkerque," launched in 1935, the most modern and most formidable of all visiting warships. At the head of F line is the "Nelson," the flagship of the Home Fleet, which was the first vessel visited by his Majesty on the 21st.

This Section of the Panorama should be Joined to the Left of the Section Reproduced on Pages 949 and 950.



THE CRUISER VISITED AT SPITHEAD BY THE KING AS REPRESENTING THE NEW UNITS IN THE NAVY: THE RECENTLY COMMISSIONED "SOUTHAMPTON"—A VESSEL OF NOVEL FEATURES, INCLUDING 6-IN. GUNS IN TRIPLE TURRETS, ATHWARTSHIP CATAPULT AND MULTIPLE A.A. GUNS.

At the great Coronation Review at Spithead, H.M. King George VI. paid visits to four vessels. Three of these were Fleet flagships and the fourth was the cruiser "Southampton" with the "Nottingham," the latest type of British cruiser and representative of the new ships now being built for the Navy which only recently completed her trials. She flies the flag of Rear-Admiral T. P. P. Calvert, Commanding the Second Cruiser Squadron (Home Fleet). She is the forerunner of a number of cruisers of 9000 to 10,000 tons, armed with 6-in. guns.

Her length is 590 ft. and her beam 64 ft. In announcing the building of these vessels in 1933, Lord Monsell—then First Lord of the Admiralty—explained that Britain preferred smaller ships of round about 7000 tons, but that Japan, in 1931, had laid down two 8500-ton cruisers armed with fifteen 6-in. guns, while the U.S.A. planned to build 10,000-ton cruisers with fifteen 6-in. guns. If we continued to build small cruisers, he pointed out, they would be inferior to those of other Powers. The "Southampton" mounts twelve

6-in. guns in four triple turrets. These guns are of a new pattern, distinguished externally by a somewhat stumpy appearance. They are characterised by extremely high velocity. Their maximum elevation is said to be as much as 60 degrees. The centre gun of each trio is set back behind the outside pair, so that its muzzle does not project so far out of the turret. This facilitates the working of the guns. The "Southampton" carries three Walrus amphibian aircraft. The launching catapult, it will be observed, is of a novel type, set athwartship

between the funnels. The vessel has a designed speed (on 75,000 h.p.) of thirty-two knots; and this is believed to have been exceeded on trials. This compares with the 33 knots of the Japanese "Mogami," and the 32.5 of the American "Brooklyn" class. The accommodation in the "Southampton" is extremely well planned, and includes a canteen, a bookstall, and a soda-fountain; hot and cold showers in all the ratings' bathrooms; hot and cold water laid on to every mess-deck; and, in addition, piped boiling water for making tea.

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by G. H. DAVES

A FOUR-PAGE PANORAMA OF THE CORONATION REVIEW: THE RIGHT-HAND SECTION; SHOWING SHIPS ON THE NORTH SIDE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER. FOR THE LEFT-HAND SECTION OF THE PANORAMA SEE PAGES 947 AND 948.



A SPITHEAD PANORAMA: SHOWING BATTLESHIPS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET HEADED BY THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH", AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE WARSHIPS FROM CANADA AND INDIA.

Above is reproduced the right-hand, or northern portion, of our four-page panorama of the fleets lying at Spithead for the Coronation Review. On the right is the mainland about Gosport. Interest centres in the vessels from overseas on the extreme right, the "Saguenay" and "Skeena,"

destroyers from Canada, and the "Indus," the sloop from India. The commanding officers of the "Skeena" and the "Indus" were received by His Majesty on board the Royal Yacht on the morning of the 20th, before the Review. His Majesty also received the commanding officer of

the New Zealand cruiser "Leander" at the same time. The "Leander" is seen in the centre, in D line, in the above panorama. The "Queen Elizabeth," at the head of E line, is the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, and was the second warship visited by the King on the day

following the Review. Further along the same line is seen the "Iron Duke," which served as flagship of the Grand Fleet in the war and is now a gunnery training-ship. Behind the "Iron Duke" is the huge battle-cruiser "Hood," the largest warship in the world.

This Section of the Panorama should be joined to the Right of the Section Reproduced on Pages 947 and 948.

THE ABBEY IN ITS CORONATION SETTING THROWN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.



VISITORS IN THE "THEATRE" IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: PASSING KING EDWARD'S CHAIR, IN WHICH THE KING WAS CROWNED, HIS MAJESTY'S THRONE, AND THE QUEEN'S THRONE.

The general public were allowed into Westminster Abbey on Saturday, May 15, and thus were enabled to see it—and its temporary Annex—*in its setting for the Coronation on the 12th*. By the evening, 3893 visitors had been admitted, although, for that day only, there was a ten shillings fee. They were the vanguard of thousands who will follow their example until June 5, after which date the restoration of the Abbey to its normal condition will begin. On Whit Monday, for example, there were 20,853 visitors. In our photograph, King Edward's Chair—the Coronation Chair—is seen facing the High Altar. The King's throne is on

the right of the dais behind King Edward's Chair; while the Queen's, two steps lower, is on the left. The fee for admission is one shilling, except on May 21 and 28, and June 4 (five shillings), and on May 29 and June 5, when it will be sixpence. The Abbey will not be open to-day (May 22), and will also be closed on Sundays. The sums received will cover the cost of attendants and special barriers, and will, in addition, go to replace the offertory collections and other moneys which the Abbey lost before the Coronation, and will continue to lose until services begin again somewhere about the middle of August.



AN IMPRESSION OF CORONATION ILLUMINATIONS IN LONDON BY AN ARTIST KNIGHTED IN THE

Apart from its intrinsic quality as a work of art by one of the finest of modern draughtsmen, and as a record of the aspect of London during the Coronation festivities, this drawing has a special interest from the fact that the artist's name appeared among the newly created Knights Bachelor in

the list of Coronation Honours. Muirhead Bone, whose work our readers have had many previous opportunities of appreciating, from examples published from time to time in these pages, hails from Glasgow, where he was born in 1876, and is an LL.D. of St. Andrews, Liverpool and Glasgow

FROM THE DRAWING BY MUIRHEAD BONE, MADE



CORONATION HONOURS: A REMARKABLE MUIRHEAD BONE DRAWING OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Universities. He is particularly famous for his etchings. During the Great War he was an Official Artist on the Western Front and with the Fleet. Some years later he held memorable exhibitions, at the Colnaghi Gallery, of his drawings made in Spain, and he is the author of a book

entitled "Old Spain." The above drawing, taken from a Coronation stand in the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, shows Nelson's Column looming dark against the floodlit National Gallery in the background, and to the right, the Coliseum, St. Martin's Church, and South Africa House

SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

IMPERIAL OCCASIONS: MEDALS FOR OVERSEA TROOPS; THE CONFERENCE.



THE PRESENTATION OF CORONATION MEDALS TO OVERSEA CONTINGENTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE KING GREETING SIR HARRY CHAUVEL (COMMANDING THE PARADE), AND (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE QUEEN (BEHIND HIS MAJESTY), QUEEN MARY, WITH PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AND THE DUKE OF KENT.



THE FIRST IMPERIAL CONFERENCE TO MEET IN A ROYAL PALACE: THE OPENING SESSION IN QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM, ST. JAMES'S PALACE—THE PREMIER, AS PRESIDENT, STANDING IN THE CENTRE, WITH DELEGATIONS FROM CANADA, NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH AFRICA, AND SOUTHERN RHODESIA ON HIS RIGHT, AND ON HIS LEFT THOSE FROM AUSTRALIA, INDIA, AND BURMA.

On May 14, all 1200 members of the overseas contingents received Coronation medals from royal hands. The King first inspected the parade, and presented medals to the officers. The other ranks formed in sections and received medals respectively from the King, the Queen (accompanied by Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret), the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent.—The Imperial Conference opened on May 14, with Mr. Baldwin presiding. On his left are seen (l. to r.) Mr. Ramsay

Macdonald, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, Lord Halifax, Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, and, a little further to the right, leaning back, Mr. Lyons, Premier of Australia. Near the centre foreground are Lord Zetland and Mr. S. M. Bruce. On Mr. Baldwin's right (r. to l.) are Sir Maurice Hankey, Mr. Mackenzie King (Premier of Canada), and Mr. Savage, Premier of New Zealand, seventh from Mr. Baldwin. Gen. Hertzog, Premier of South Africa, is 3rd from left in background.

PICTORIAL RECORDS OF CURRENT NEWS: NOTABLE EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES.



THE BRITISH DESTROYER LATELY DAMAGED BY EXPLOSION, WITH A LOSS OF EIGHT LIVES, WHILE PATROLLING IN SOUTHERN SPANISH WATERS: H.M.S. "HUNTER."

Eight men were killed and fourteen injured by an explosion on the "Hunter's" water-line, on May 13, while she was patrolling off Almeria. She had apparently struck a drifting mine. She was towed into Gibraltar and placed in dry dock. There was a large hole in her port side. The "Hunter" was built by Swan, Hunter and Wigam-Richardson, and commissioned last September.



RECENTLY SUNK: FRANCO'S BATTLESHIP "ESPANA," WHOSE DESTRUCTION WAS FIRST ASCRIBED TO AIRCRAFT, THEN TO A MINE. Sir Samuel Hoare stated in Parliament: "All the Admiralty's information leads to the conclusion that the 'Espana' was sunk by a mine and not by bombs or shellfire." This was the view of the Spanish Nationalists, who stated that the crew were saved by the destroyer "Velasco."



A MEDIAEVAL STRONGHOLD CELEBRATED IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE NATION: KENILWORTH CASTLE SEEN FROM THE AIR.

After negotiations between Lord Clarendon's Trustees and the Urban District Council of Kenilworth, Warwickshire, Sir John Siddle (now a Baron—see "Our Note Book" page) arranged to purchase the Castle and hand it over to the Office of Works for the nation, providing funds for its repair. It is the scene of Scott's novel "Kenilworth."



THE FIRST DOMINION TROOPS TO GUARD THE ROYAL PALACES: CANADIANS RELIEVING THE WELSH GUARDS.

On May 9, for the first time in history, Dominion troops mounted guard at British royal palaces. Precedence was accorded to the Canadian Coronation Contingent as representing the oldest Dominion. They took over from the Welsh Guards at 14 posts (7 at Buckingham Palace and 7 at St. James's Palace) for six hours.



THE SOUTH AFRICANS PROVIDE SENTRIES AT THE PALACES: CHANGING THE GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The South Africans were the last of the Coronation contingents of Dominion troops to mount guard at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace. On May 13 they provided 14 sentries—7 at each Palace—relieving the Welsh Guards for the afternoon. The South Africans' green greatcoats and gold-spiked topees made a contrast to the Guardsmen's blue-grey greatcoats and bearskins.



AUSTRALIAN SENTRIES POSTED AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE FIRST TIME: RELIEVING THE WELSH GUARDS.

On May 10 a King's Guard selected from the Australian Coronation Contingent was mounted, for the first time, at Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace, relieving the 1st Battalion, the Welsh Guards. The Australians did sentry duty for a full 24 hours. On the 11th it was the turn of the New Zealanders and on the 13th that of the South Africans to mount guard at the palaces.



THE FIRST SOCIALIST CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: THE LATE LORD SNOWDEN.

Lord Snowden died suddenly on May 15 at Tilford, Surrey, aged seventy-two. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the first Labour Government of 1924 and again in 1929. In 1931 he joined the National Government, introduced another Budget, and was made a Viscount.



THE AMERICAN AIRMEN WHO FLEW THE ATLANTIC TWICE WITHIN 120 HOURS: MR. DICK MERRILL (LEFT) AND MR. JACK LAMBIE.

Mr. Dick Merrill, the United States air-line pilot, and Mr. J. Lambie reached Croydon on May 10, having flown 3300 miles from New York in 21 hours 5 min. Mr. Merrill had flown the Atlantic twice before. They brought photographs of the "Hindenburg" disaster, and flew back to New York with Coronation photographs. The double flight was completed within 120 hours.



MR. H. L. BROOK.

Mr. Brook, after losing to Mr. Broadbent the Australia-England record, broke the Cape to England record. His time was 4 days 18 min.—less by 15 hours 59 min. than Amy Johnson's record. He also won the unofficial "out and back" record.

MR. H. F. BROADBENT.

Mr. H. F. Broadbent, the Australian airman, flew from Darwin to Lympne in 6 days 10 hours 55 minutes, beating by 1 day 8 hours 55 minutes the Australia-England solo record of Mr. H. L. Brook (seen in the adjoining photograph).



THE ONLY "O.M." IN THE LIST OF CORONATION HONOURS: LORD BADEN-POWELL.

Lord Baden-Powell, founder of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, was the only recipient of that high distinction, the Order of Merit, in the Coronation Honours. He was made a Baron in 1929. During the South African War became famous for his defence of Mafeking (1899-1900). He was eighty last February.

THE CORONATION LIGHTS O' LONDON: PANORAMAS TAKEN

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) STANDS ON THE MALL (FOREGROUND); THE WAR OFFICE AND

FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.



THE BANQUETING HALL IN WHITEHALL; THE HORSE GUARDS, WITH A TATTOO IN PROGRESS—THE COUNTY HALL SEEN BEHIND IT; AND BIG BEN.



LOOKING NORTH-EAST FROM THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE COLISEUM, WITH ITS GLÔBE; ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS; THE TOWER OF SHELL-MEX BUILDING, WITH ELECTRIC BEACONS;



SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE—PART OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE SEEN IN FRONT OF IT; TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WITH THE NELSON COLUMN; AND THE ADMIRALTY ARCH, WITH STANDS ON THE MALL.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S SILVER JUBILEE: CELEBRATIONS AND THANKSGIVING IN COPENHAGEN.



CHEERED BY A LARGE CROWD WAVING NATIONAL FLAGS: THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK ON THE BALCONY AT THE AMALIENBORG PALACE WITH (ON THE RIGHT) THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS.



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE KING OF DENMARK'S SILVER JUBILEE: THEIR MAJESTIES SEATED IN THE CATHEDRAL BETWEEN THE KING OF SWEDEN AND THE KING OF NORWAY; AND (BEHIND THEM) THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK AND PROMINENT GUESTS.



RECEIVING AN ADDRESS OF CONGRATULATION ON THEIR SILVER JUBILEE: KING CHRISTIAN AND QUEEN ALEXANDRINE DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE RIGSDAG (PARLIAMENT HOUSE); WITH THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS ON THEIR RIGHT AND PRINCE KNUD AND PRINCESS CAROLINE ON THEIR LEFT.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME OF THE SPECTATORS LINING THE ROUTE: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK AND PRINCE KNUD AND PRINCESS CAROLINE (NEARER CAMERA) DRIVING TO THE CATHEDRAL.



DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF COPENHAGEN, LINED BY DENSE CROWDS OF DANES, SWEDS, AND NORWEGIANS: THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK ON THEIR WAY TO THE SILVER JUBILEE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

King Christian of Denmark celebrated his Silver Jubilee on May 14 and the festivities in connection with the event lasted four days. Among the prominent guests were the King of Sweden, the King of Norway, King Christian's brother, Prince Charles of Sweden, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and Prince George of Greece. On May 15 the royal party drove in open carriages from the Amalienborg Palace to the Cathedral for a Thanksgiving Service and were acclaimed all along the route by thousands of Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians who had been flocking into Copenhagen several weeks before. The capital was gaily decorated with the Danish and

Icelandic flags and with garlands of oak and beech; and the Royal Guards lined the entrance to the Cathedral. Subsequently the King and Queen visited the Rigsdag, where they were welcomed by M. Stauning, the Prime Minister. In the evening there was a torchlight procession. On May 17 their Majesties drove to the Mansion House and were met by the Chief Burgomaster and entertained in the Reception Hall. Gifts were presented to their Majesties by delegations representing every phase of Danish life (including some Eskimos from Greenland), who were received personally at the Palace during a series of receptions spread over several days.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

THE CLASSICAL SIDE.

THIS August we celebrate (or should) the tercentenary of the death of Ben Jonson—too rare Ben Jonson, as far as our stage is concerned, for scarcely ever do we see a play of his. Yet, in his time, Ben was deemed a far greater figure than William Shakespeare. He was Laureate. Not only was he the people's popular playwright: he was the great builder of masques and revels for the Court. He took the chair by right at any festive gathering of the wits and poets. He took care to publish his collected plays, instead of leaving the Folio Edition to the subsequent mercy of brother-actors. He bestrode the London of three reigns. But to us now he is little more than a name and a possible subject in "Eng. Lit."

A memorable production of that grand Jonsonian comedy, "The Alchemist," was given at the Malvern Festival some years ago. Sir Cedric Hardwicke contributed a lovely performance of that plaintive little coney, Abel Druggier; quite a small part, but much favoured by Garrick in the eighteenth century; and Mr. Ralph Richardson was tremendous as one of the rogues. The same piece has since been produced in town, with Mr. Hugh Miller giving an excellent performance in the title-part; but the Princes Theatre, so hospitable to the modern gangsters of "The Frog," was scarcely the right address for the classical cozeners of Ben Jonson. I see no mention of Ben Jonson on Sir Barry Jackson's Malvern programme for this year's festival. Surely "Every Man in His Humour" would have been a better choice for the Jonson tercentenary year than "The School for Scandal."

It would be a nice deed if the Stratford-on-Avon company were to include a play of Ben's in their repertory in the latter half of the season which they began in March. I suppose the difficulty is that so many people, especially foreigners, spend only one night in Stratford, and regard it as their right to have a play by the local hero always available. The theatre is, I know, a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, playing Shakespeare, and not a National Theatre, offering a national repertory. None the less, who has better "memorialised" Shakespeare than Ben Jonson, whose introductory verses to the First Folio have passed into the currency of English criticism? It was Ben who awarded "all time" and not an age merely as the duration of Will's glory. I would like to see Stratford return thanks to the lusty scholar-bricklayer, who was probably one of Shakespeare's last guests at New Place. It was the Vicar of Stratford, John Ward, who recorded, not fifty years after Shakespeare's death, that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted," and there is no reason why the local legend should not be true.

Certainly the Governors of the Memorial Theatre cannot claim poverty as an excuse for refusing innovation. Their new theatre has prospered finely in the still rising town on the Avon, which motor-transport has put right in the middle of the Midland map, a position from which a railway branch line had hitherto somewhat screened it. A theatre which is built by subscription naturally starts with enormous financial advantages; but a theatre in a country town which has to

produce Shakespeare and nothing but Shakespeare also starts with considerable handicaps, as far as the box-office is concerned; or might be deemed to do so by the managerial mind.

But it has not happened that way. Not long ago I was in Stratford on a Saturday night, when Mr. Donald Wolfitt was excellently playing Hamlet, and the only seat I could obtain was at the back of the gallery, whose inhabitants gave the best performance of a model audience that I have ever seen. They were rapt; they said nothing and listened to all. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that this is a model gallery, where you are more comfortable than in many a London stall, hear perfectly, and can take refreshment, if you need it, in a room with a superb view and handsome appointments.

People swarm into Stratford from near and far. Their standards are not always exacting. A bad production may be as popular as a good one. (Fortunately, the good productions are both numerous and getting better. Two years ago the level of performance was really mediocre, but last year and this there have been great improvements, and the presence of Miss Joyce Bland this year largely strengthens and adorns the cast.) The theatre

noticeable feature of English life, and the Governors are in duty bound to think of rainy days. But



"FAREWELL AGAIN," A FILM OF REAL MOMENT: COLONEL AND MRS. BLAIR, TO WHOM THE SAILING OF THE TROOPSHIP AFTER SIX HOURS IN DOCK BRINGS A TRAGIC PARTING—LESLIE BANKS AS COLONEL BLAIR AND FLORA ROBSON AS MRS. BLAIR.

In "Farewell Again," London Film Productions have crystallised the drama and tragedy inherent in the situation of a troopship, bringing home a regiment after long service abroad, receiving a wireless message to dock for six hours, and then to take the regiment to Aden. The effect of this order on the regiment, from the Colonel down to a trooper, and on their relatives and friends, provides an entertaining story which reaches its climax during the brief reunion at the docks.

I should imagine that they have acquired a sufficiency of fiscal raincoats and umbrellas by now. Soon they will have to start considering the best ways and means to get rid of surplus cash in accordance with their Charter. I could tell them how. So, of course, could ten million others. The advice will not be welcome. I sympathise with anybody's disinclination to be told what to do with his own money. Meanwhile, to continue our survey of the drama's classical side, the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells are striving to get clear of debt for all time. Thirty thousand pounds would do the job; less would be thankfully received. It has to be remembered that this joint venture never had a Foundation Fund, like Stratford, and that it is "carrying" opera and ballet

as well as Shakespeare. Opera at popular prices can never pay; straight drama or subvention must prop it up. So the Vic-Wells problem is bound to be serious. Sir Reginald Rowe, who, among many other cares, continues to look after the income and diminish the debts of this organisation, is one of the great heroes of our time. I cannot think of any more dismal occupation than to be continually asking for money. Sir Reginald, a virtuoso with the passing hat, goes on asking because he fervently believes that the object is worth while. It certainly is, and I am glad to hear that the best productions of this season have been really well rewarded at the box-office.

There are plans to build another Shakespearean theatre (old style, with tavern attached) on the South Bank. There are also, as before, plans to build a National Theatre, presumably on the North Bank; and to aid this long-established project a Coronation Pageant Ball of Shakespearean characters was recently and successfully held. Splendid! But I hope these rivals for sustenance will not snatch each other's rations of the milk of human kindness. Is there enough charity to go round? For my part, I would like to see the Vic-Wells problem disposed of once and for all, and then we could get on with the rest in due order.



"FAREWELL AGAIN": A TROOPSHIP'S SHORT STAY IN DOCK BRINGS HAPPINESS TO AT LEAST TWO PEOPLE—SEBASTIAN SHAW AS CAPTAIN REED, AND PATRICIA HILLIARD AS ANNE HARRISON, A NURSE ON THE TROOPSHIP, WHOM HE MARRIES.

made a profit from all sources of nearly £14,000 last year: the actual box-office share of this was about £7000. The Governors' policy at present is to plough the profits back into the land by paying for improvements out of revenue. Naturally, this should mean that the profits will be bigger than ever next year. Meanwhile there is, I believe, an untouched Endowment Fund. O lucky treasurer who guards and fills the coffers on the Avon!

Of course, there may come an end to the Shakespeare Boom which is at present a fairly



"FAREWELL AGAIN": THE WIVES OF THE SERGEANT-MAJOR AND THE SERGEANT EXCHANGE "PLEASANTRIES" AT THE WASH-TUB—MRS. BILLINGS (MARGARET MOFFATT) AND MRS. BROUGH (MAIRE O'NEILL).

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.



HERE, at Messrs. Reid and Lefevre's, is a show which some will find irritating and others stimulating. This statement is not just guesswork, but based upon scientific observation, for a friend of mine accompanied me when I went to see it, and he was not stimulated. He said it was (a) crazy; (b) repulsive; (c) childish. He was, in short, irritated, not to say indignant. But he was *not* bored, and that's saying something when a man is suddenly dragged out of the street and confronted with the undoubted austerities of modern abstract design or the wilful distortions of a Picasso or a Leger.

Well, that's a hasty summary of one point of view: what follows is what I think, and visitors to the exhibition can take their choice of two contrary opinions. To my mind, this is a rather important milestone in the age-long story of European tapestry, for it is evident that the fine traditions inherited by generations of French craftsmen have been given a new direction—and yet, in a sense, not so new after all, for there is nothing inherently astonishing in the adoption by the industry of new designs by modern artists. After all, both Oudry and Boucher were modern artists once upon a time, and it was their innovations in the middle of the eighteenth century which superseded the grandiose magnificence of Le Brun, and I see nothing particularly shocking if the tradition of Boucher is superseded in its turn. Whether all the tapestries shown now at Reid and Lefevre's Galleries are wholly successful is, for the moment, beside the point: what is so interesting is that after a century or so of copying the designs of the past, the famous looms of Beauvais and Aubusson

as a Silver Jubilee gift to H.M. King George V.; it was on view at Spink's, and afterwards at Birmingham, and was reproduced in colours in these pages last year. I believe it now hangs at Windsor Castle.

the spirit and intelligence of the picture, in which alone the secret of producing the most beautiful tapestries consisted." There was, in short, a first-class row, and an attempted boycott of the painter. However, he won through in the end, and his theories have been powerful influences in the industry ever since, culminating in the remarkable *tour de force* of Fig. 1, in which the actual brushstrokes of Rouault are reproduced with absolute fidelity—and the fact that I happen to be prejudiced against this modern adaptation of the conventions of a Græco-Roman portrait (really more suited to stained-glass) does not mean that the tapestry-weaver has not accomplished a technical triumph. I merely suggest that the workman deserved a design more suited to his material.

Of the several painters represented in the show, Lurçat seems to me to think most easily in terms of silk and wool rather than of paint. Fig. 2 is one of a pair of very large tapestries which preserves a monumental style and combines it with a happy invention, particularly in the splendid border, and the same artist is responsible for a landscape in the Chinese manner which shows a similar understanding. The Matisse of Fig. 3—red, green, and grey—is not flattered by a monochrome reproduction. It is actually a blaze of colour. The soft browns, greys, and greens of Braque lend themselves marvellously well to the even softer tones of tapestry, while Picasso—that ever-changing, Protean phenomenon of our generation, sometimes wilful and perverse, sometimes, it is whispered, delightedly pulling the leg of the intelligentsia—contributes a witty satire at the expense of those who take life earnestly; and not all his deliberate distortions can conceal the fact that he is an archangel among modern draughtsmen. Dufy provides a bird's-eye view of Paris, lighthearted and delicious; but here again I have a feeling that the original design is finer than its translation—tapestry demands a certain basic solidity.

In any case, this exhibition is a most interesting affair, whatever the likes and dislikes of the individual, and I for one look forward with excitement to future developments. After all,

1. A LONDON EXHIBITION OF MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRIES FROM DESIGNS BY PRESENT-DAY ARTISTS: "ANTINEA"; BY GEORGES ROUAULT, ONE OF THE FIRST CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS TO DO CARTOONS FOR TAPESTRIES. (42×29 IN.)

In this subject, Rouault's predilection for formal, not to say Byzantine, subjects is very apparent. The tapestry was woven some years ago and is one of the earlier ones undertaken. The majority of the tapestries in the exhibition are from the collection of Madame Paul Cottolli, of Paris, who was responsible, in the main, for the project of weaving modern tapestries.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Alex. Reid and Lefevre.

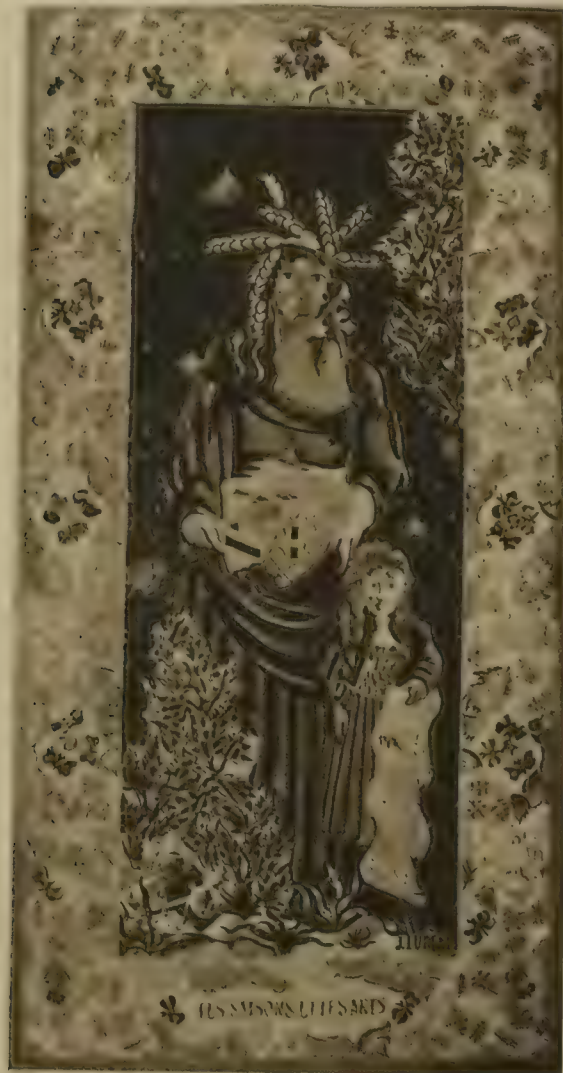
It represents Windsor Castle and the Park beyond, with a magnificent heraldic border—a wholly modern conception, carried out with great ingenuity and with a fine feeling for the material of which it is made.

This last phrase, by the way, is not set down here to show I'm acquainted with the current jargon of the art-world: it is intended to mean a lot. Put it this way: if a man carves in wood, his material makes him produce something of a certain quality which is not to be imitated by stone or bronze, and if he paints on canvas, the pigments he uses produce an effect different in kind from that of mosaic or fresco or porcelain. Where it seems to me some of the tapestries in this show fail is because their designer is thinking all the time in terms of paint, and not of the stuff—silk and wool—into which his paintings have been translated. The difficulty is inherent in the job, and no bilking is possible, for however accomplished a draughtsman and colourist a man may be, the fact remains that his original design is done on a comparatively hard surface—e.g., paper—and in due course appears on a thick pile material which is yielding, and upon which outlines are inevitably softened and blurred. Every material has its own peculiar virtue and has to be treated with reverence; if this is so, the exact imitation of a painting in tapestry does credit to neither designer nor workman.

This painting-imitation heresy dies hard, and will soon celebrate its bicentenary. Its prophet and apostle was no less a person than the painter Oudry, who in 1748 accused the tapestry-weavers of the Gobelins of obstructing developments by using only traditional colours and pretending that the cartoons supplied to them were impracticable. He insisted that they should give to their work "all



3. A MODERN FRENCH TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY A VERY FAMOUS CONTEMPORARY MASTER: "PAPEETE"; BY MATISSE. (89×68 IN.)



2. AN OUTSTANDINGLY SUCCESSFUL DESIGN IN THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN TAPESTRIES: "OPS, D'ÉESSE DE L'ABONDANCE"; ONE OF A SERIES, ENTITLED "LES SAISONS ET LES ARTS," BY JEAN LURÇAT. (143½×75½ IN.)

are now seen to be making tapestries from the original cartoons of living artists of established rank. Incidentally, something of a similar character is happening in England. For example, most readers of this paper will remember the tapestry made at Cambridge

the tapestry-weaving industry in France has been living on its past for more than a century, and it is rather an event to witness this almost moribund personage jumping out of bed, as it were, and setting to work, inspired by new ideas and still preserving its hereditary skill.

PRIZES FOR BIDDERS: PICTURES BY FAMOUS PAINTERS TO CHANGE HANDS.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



BY EDGAR DÉGAS (1834—1917): "JOCKEYS SOUS LA PLUIE"—A PASTEL
(18½ IN. BY 25 IN.)



BY J. F. MILLET (1814—1875): "LE BRIQUET"—
A PASTEL (16½ IN. BY 20½ IN.).



BY SIR PETER LELY (1618—1680): "PORTRAIT OF LORD
DELAMERE" (35½ IN. BY 29½ IN.).



BY FRANS VAN MIERIS (1635—1681): "A MAN IN CON-
TEMPLATION," SIGNED
AND DATED 1660—ON
PANEL (11½ BY 8½ IN.).



BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. (1756—1823): "PORTRAIT
OF MRS. HAIG OF BEMERSYDE" (34½ IN. BY 26 IN.).



BY H. FANTIN-LATOURE (1836—1902): "THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY," PAINTED
IN 1891 (28½ IN. BY 36 IN.).



BY J. H. FRAGONARD (1732—1806): "LE BERCEAU"—A STUDY FROM REMBRANDT'S
"VIRGIN AND CHILD" (18½ IN. BY 22 IN.).

At Christie's on Friday, May 28, there will be offered for sale important ancient and modern pictures and drawings, the property of the late Leonard Gow, Esq., D.L., LL.D. We illustrate here seven of the most interesting works included, which indicate the catholicity of the collection. A few notes on some of the artists and subjects may be added. Edgar Degas, the French Impressionist painter, began a series of studies of horses with a steeplechase scene exhibited

in the Paris Salon of 1866. Millet's picture shows a French peasant with a *briquet* (tinder-box) used in striking a light for his pipe. Sir Peter Lely was principal painter to Charles II., who made him a baronet. Frans van Mieris was a native of Delft. His "Man in Contemplation" has been in many memorable collections and exhibitions. Sir Henry Raeburn, the most famous of Scottish portrait-painters, was knighted when George IV. visited Scotland in 1822.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

POPULAR interest in the arts and crafts of China, so strongly stimulated by the Royal Academy's 1935-6 winter exhibition of Chinese art, will assuredly extend to a new book of extraordinary fascination, entitled "CHINESE JADE THROUGHOUT THE AGES": A Review of Its Characteristics, Decoration, Folklore, and Symbolism. By Stanley Charles Nott. With Introduction by Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, K.C.V.O., formerly Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Illustrated by 39 Colour Plates and 109 Photographs, with 73 Line Engravings in the Text (Batsford; £2 2s.). This beautiful book will be a joy to all devotees of jade, and their name is legion. It is dedicated by special permission to Queen Mary, whose expertise in such matters is well-known, and the author has been allowed to illustrate a number of precious examples from the Royal Collections. The reproduction work, especially in colour, is magnificent, while the letterpress reveals an immense range of erudition and will be enjoyed by the general reader as well as by the specialist. The author has not restricted himself to the æsthetic and technical side of the carvings he discusses, but goes deeply into the significance of their subject, design, and decoration, thus providing a wealth of information regarding Chinese history, traditions, legends, and folklore.

Mr. Nott's book is claimed to be the first to survey concisely the art of Chinese jade-carving from prehistoric times to the present day. After a preliminary chapter on the nature of jade, its varieties of substance and colour, and the localities where it is found, he traces the development of the art through the successive historical periods. He then assigns separate chapters to the various types of subject represented, such as animals, birds, fishes, and insects; symbolical emblems; plants and flowers; vase forms, domestic or ritual; divinities and other celestial beings; and jade objects for the writing-table. Besides the actual text, much valuable information is given in tabular form or appendices, including the chronology of Chinese dynasties; a glossary of Chinese words and phrases, bibliographies of Chinese and Western books, and a map showing the chief centres of artistic industries in China.

India as well as China has its part in the story of jade. The Mongol Emperors of Hindustan were also lovers of that intriguing stone, and under their patronage were produced exquisite carvings. The jade thus used in India was brought thither from Eastern Turkestan. After the Chinese conquest of that country, many Indian carvings found their way to Peking. "It is not uncommon," we read, "to find in a European collection such a piece of characteristically delicate and graceful Indian work, incised with a Chinese inscription in verse attesting its origin, and with the imperial seals of Ch'ien Lung attached. Much of the finest work in jade was executed in the palace at Peking during his reign, and we are told that the imperial workshops of the period included a special branch called *Hsi Fan Tso*, or 'Indian School,' which was devoted to the reproduction of Indian works. An exceptionally fine example of this type of work is the jewelled Buddha in the collection of her Majesty Queen Mary, reproduced as frontispiece to this volume."

It was in the eighteenth century that Chinese jade-carving attained its zenith of decorative perfection. "Surely," writes Mr. Nott, "there is little in glyptic art that can approach the achievements of the craftsmen of those sixty years (1736-95) of the reign of that great benefactor to mankind, the Emperor Ch'ien Lung." They worked under ideal conditions, in security and seclusion, immune from the stresses that afflict our own impatient and mechanical age. "An outstanding example of this period," we read, "is the fine translucent seaweed-green jade incense burner in the collection of her Majesty Queen Mary. The Emperor Ch'ien Lung was a poet, and through the medium of inscriptions on jade carvings many of his compositions have been preserved for posterity. A vase and cover which is in the collection of his Majesty the King has engraved upon it a poem composed by a scholar for the Emperor. Jade, the sacred stone of the earlier Chinese, became, during this period, not only a medium for mythological representation, but the one through which the most highly skilled craftsmen of a great nation found outlet for their inspirations."

Again, I would emphasise the fact that Mr. Nott's book is much more than a monograph on jade. Owing to his thoroughness in exploring all the ramifications of the subject, he has given us a work which illuminates the whole

spirit of China and touches on manifold phases of Chinese life and customs. As an example of human interest, take the story of the great jade bowl mentioned by Friar Oderic in 1318 as then standing in a courtyard of the imperial palace at Peking. "At the fall of the Mongol dynasty," we read, "this jar, so lavishly mounted with gold and pearls, disappeared and was stripped of its ornaments. In the eighteenth century it was found again in the kitchen of a Buddhist temple in the vicinity, where the ignorant monks were using it as a receptacle for salted vegetables. The Emperor Ch'ien Lung bought it of them for a few hundred ounces of silver, and composed, to be engraved inside the bowl, an ode in its honour, in which he narrates its history." Thus the great Emperor himself experienced the thrills of art-collecting, which, indeed, is no new thing, but has been pursued with zest throughout the ages.



THE DESTRUCTION OF GUERNICA, AN INCIDENT IN THE SPANISH WAR WHICH HAS AROUSED THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY AND STARTED A FIERCE CONTROVERSY: STREETS IN THE LITTLE TOWN, FORMERLY THE CAPITAL OF THE BASQUES; SHOWING THE UTTER HAVOC WROUGHT.



IN RAVAGED GUERNICA: A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESTRUCTION, CAUSED, ACCORDING TO THE BASQUES, BY AERIAL BOMBARDMENT, BUT ACCORDING TO THEIR OPPONENTS BY PETROL FIRES STARTED BY "RED" ELEMENTS.

Guernica, the little town near Bilbao, which is the focus of Basque patriotism, was laid in ruins during the operations on the Basque front. The Basques asserted that it was destroyed by systematic bombardment from the air, in the course of which non-combatants attempting to escape were machine-gunned. Eye-witnesses came forward claiming to have seen machines of German type bombing the town. General Franco's headquarters, however, strongly denied that aeroplanes of his forces had been responsible, asserting that the havoc was the work of "Red" elements fighting with the Basques. The matter has aroused much controversy in this country, in Germany, Italy, and even, to a certain extent, in the United States.

Two passages in Mr. Nott's book afford interesting links between Chinese and British history. In connection with coloured illustrations of jade snuff-bottles, he writes: "The tobacco plant, indigenous to America, was introduced to the Far East by Portuguese or Spanish seamen at about the same time that it was brought to Europe. It is on record that the Emperor Wan-li (A.D. 1573-1660) unsuccessfully attempted to stamp out the use of tobacco. At the same time the practice of snuff-taking became the fashion of the wealthy classes in China." Wan-li's effort to suppress the fragrant weed in China must have almost coincided with the royal "Counterblast to Tobacco," published

anonymously

in London in 1604 by King James I. His Majesty denounced as "the first author of this abuse" the famous explorer whom he afterwards beheaded on other grounds, but whose initiation of smoking has been counted unto him for righteousness by a modern cleric. "Let all men," said the late Dean Hole in lively verse—

The debt confess, though none the less they love the grape and barley,
Which Frenchmen owe to good Nicot, and Englishmen to Raleigh.

Tobacco, however, was not the great adventurer's only pioneer contribution to our social amenities, as we learn from the very first sentence of Mr. Nott's opening chapter. "When," he writes, "Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England from Spanish America, he brought with him the magic '*pidra di hijada*,' the 'stone of the loins,' which was reputed to possess unique curative medicinal powers. Thus was introduced to Britain a mineral believed to embody the quintessence of creation, accredited with having been forged from the rainbow into thunderbolts for the use of the storm-god, and having been eaten as food by the Taoist genii; for such would appear to be the romantic inheritance of Jade."

Another form of Chinese art—that of landscape architecture—which was prominent in the eighteenth-century vogue of *chinoiserie* in Europe, but did not take permanent root here as did Chinese pottery designs, is the subject of a scholarly work emanating from America—namely, "CHINESE INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN GARDEN STRUCTURES." By Eleanor Von Erdberg. Edited by Bremer Whidden Pond. With ninety-five illustrations (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts; \$5.00; and, in England, Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 21s.). This book, which is the first volume of the Harvard Landscape Architecture Monographs, opens up a field of interest which will probably be quite fresh to-day to a large number of British readers.

In a chapter discussing European sources of knowledge of Chinese architecture in the eighteenth century, the author recalls that "tremendous influence" was exerted, not only in England but throughout Europe, by the books of Sir William Chambers, including "Designs of Chinese Buildings" (1757) and "A Dissertation on Oriental Gardening" (1772). He it was, by the way, who designed for King George III. the State coach that King George VI. used at his Coronation. A footnote on his career says: "Sir William Chambers, born in 1726 in Stockholm, grew up in England, went to Canton as 'chief Supercargo of the Swedish ships to China,' after his return studied architecture in Italy, and became Court architect to George III. in 1760, then 'Comptroller general to the works of the King, Architect to the Queen . . . and Treasurer to the Royal Academy.' . . . He died in 1796." It was on the strength of his visit to Canton—the only Chinese city he ever saw—and the drawings of buildings he made there, that Chambers became the leading authority whose works were studied by architects designing in the Chinese manner in England, France, Germany, and Russia. Among other things in this country, Chambers built the great Pagoda in Kew Gardens, besides a bridge and a Chinese pavilion there which no longer exist. There was at that time also another Chinese structure at Kew called the "House of Confucius," built by Joseph Goupy, which has likewise disappeared.

As an appendix the author gives an annotated list of buildings in the Chinese manner in various parts of Europe, mentioned in her text. Among the English examples are a pagoda fountain and a temple (still existing) at Alton

Towers, Staffordshire; a summer-house (still existing) "attributed to Inigo Jones but without proof," at Beckett Park, Berkshire; a Chinese dairy at Woburn Abbey; and a pagoda at West Park, Bedfordshire. There were also at one time several Chinese structures at Virginia Water, including a boat-house, a marine pavilion (or His Majesty's Fishing Temple) built for George IV., a 40-foot mandarin yacht built for the Duke of Cumberland before 1753, and a bridge built some time before 1772. Several of these former structures at Virginia Water figure among the illustrations to the book, and an old print of the fishing temple, from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, forms the frontispiece.

(Continued on page 974.)



1715

An ancient and honourable
title

Martell
of
Cognac



*Borne by the Nobility of Brandies
for over two hundred years*

Three Star - Cordon Bleu



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER. FICTION OF THE MONTH.

IT is not long since Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's translation of "Seven Red Sundays" introduced Ramón J. Sender to the English public. "Mr. Witt Among the Rebels" is the young author's latest novel, and again a luminous survey of bygone revolution in Spain and its impact upon the personalities of the men and women who were living through it. What appears here is reflected in the mind of Mr. Witt, a reasonably intelligent English Liberal who was harassed into mental and moral confusion by the Cartagena civil war of 1876 and the, to him, incomprehensible temperament of his Spanish wife. Mr. Witt degenerates before our eyes; Doña Milagritos remains primitive and instinctive to the last. The book is a subtle portrayal of spiritual opposites and the impassable barrier between them, and a significant, intimate narrative of abortive rebellion.

The three novels following are written round the theme of sheer courage. H. M. Tomlinson's "All Hands!" stands at the head of them, firstly because an epic novel of the sea should appeal to everybody, and secondly because in it he touches the Conrad level.

The fortitude, largely inarticulate, of the freighter *Hestia's* ship's company is admirably brought out. It is good to meet old Whitelow, the chief engineer, and Jerry Barton, the second officer, and Doc the steward, and the bo'sun and the carpenter. Sailors are notoriously superstitious, and Chips was not to be shaken in his conviction

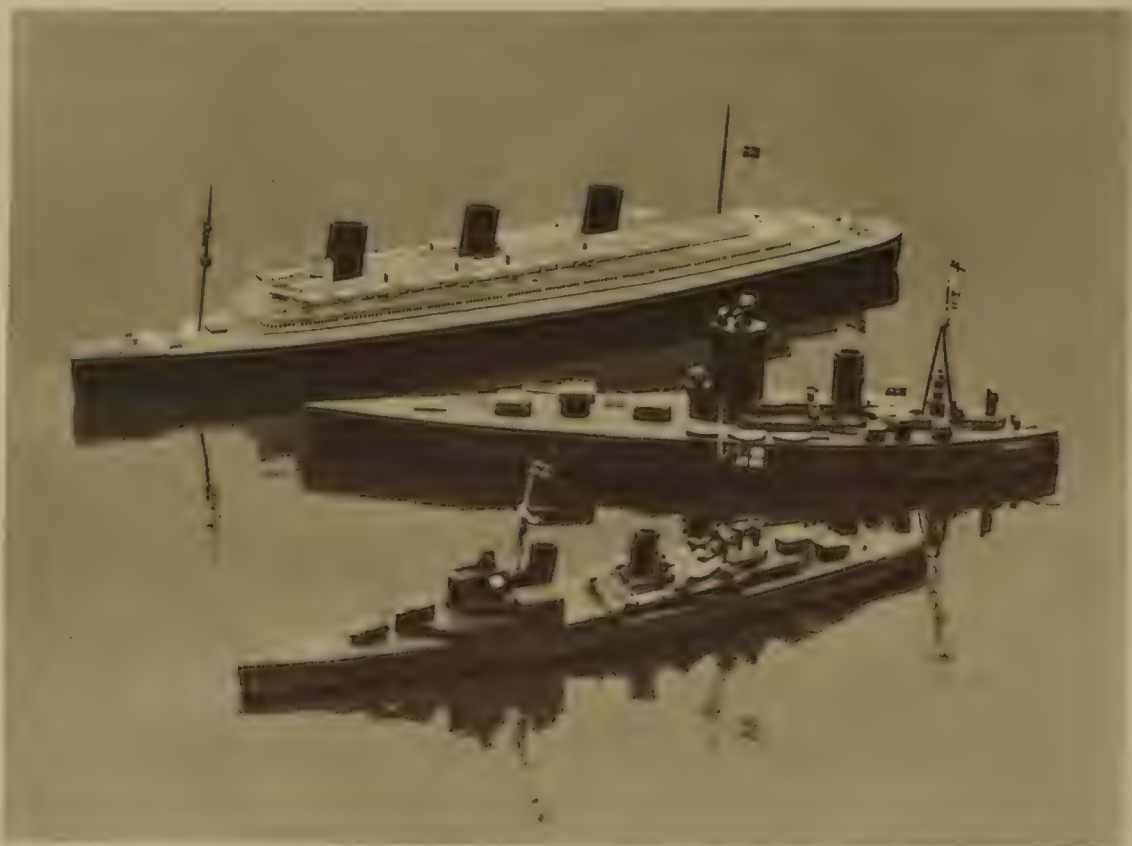
(shared in some measure by Mr. Nye, the manager of the Dowland Line) that the ship was possessed by a devil to break the men who were doing a man's work in her. "There's a spell on her," said Chips. "She knows what we don't, and she'll make her own course with it." That was when the *Hestia's* third captain was dying ashore and

Doughty, the fourth, was arriving to take over command. The devil Doughty saw was plain unseaworthiness; and certain vaguely inimical instructions emanating from the distant owner. Sir John Dowland, for reasons of his own, ordered her across the North Atlantic in October in the face of Nye's warning that she was not in shape for

a Western Ocean passage. Ships and seamen were no more to Sir John than pawns in the big business game; but by a dramatic chance he was one of the passengers who were riding out the great gale aboard their mammoth liner in mid-ocean when they saw—or, rather, believed they saw—the battered *Hestia* founder. Mr. Tomlinson has shipped in her a Professor and his attractive daughter; which will gratify readers who perceive that the young Jerry, being one of the brave, undoubtedly deserves the fair. There is a further satisfaction to be extracted from the encounter between owner and shipmaster after the *Hestia* had staggered into port. "Sir John, overcoming the reluctance of old habits, moved uneasily forward, his hand outstretched. 'By God, Doughty, you've brought her home!'"

"Arouse and Beware," by Mackinlay Kantor, is the journal of Oliver Clark, a Union soldier, during his escape with a fellow-fugitive from a Confederate prison camp in the month of March 1864. Clark and Barstow were starving and exhausted men when they broke out of the Belle Island hell and threw themselves down, half-demented; in the Virginian forest. They encountered a woman who was fleeing like themselves, though from a different durance. She had food, and shared it with them. She had charm and mystery in her, and these were to cleave

(Continued on page 966.)



SELF-PROPELLING SCALE-MODELS OF SHIPS: THE NEW CRUISER "SOUTHAMPTON" (FOREGROUND), H.M.S. "NELSON," AND THE "QUEEN MARY" IN MINIATURE; PREPARED FROM THE DESIGNS OF MR. G. H. DAVIS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. The "Hugar" Marine Models have been produced from the designs of Mr. G. H. Davis, who is so well known to our readers for his many drawings in "The Illustrated London News." The "Hugar" series includes accurate-scale working models of the battleship "Nelson," the "Southampton" (the latest type of British cruiser), and the "Queen Mary." Each rides the water well, and is propelled electrically. Included with each model is a set of International Code Signal flags. By an ingenious device these can be arranged in appropriate hoists and run up on the models (as in the above photograph), and this affords a fascinating way of learning the language of ships at sea. The prices of the models are, respectively: "Queen Mary," 3 guineas; "Nelson," £1 15s.; and "Southampton," £1 10s.; postage and packing are extra. The models may be obtained from the London Electrotpe Agency, 23, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

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Continued.

like a sword between the two men, night and day. How the three took refuge in a shuttered farmhouse and dreadfully discovered that rape and pillage had broken in before them; how they fared at the hands of the mercenary agent of the secret organisation styling itself the Right Sort of People; and how one sacrificed himself within hail of freedom that the other two might live, is told with powerful originality. Nothing quite like this, so far as we know, has been done before in the innumerable romances of the American Civil War. Mr. Kantor sifts his refugees psychologically, the better to dredge up the pure gold of their heroism, and on the adventurous side his book is a thrilling excitement from start to finish.

For animal courage, and clean impulses caught in a trap, there is the boxing boy of "There Ain't No Justice," by James Curtis. It is a transcript from the life, of the kind that makes one heartsick. The fine stuff of Tommy Mutch, it appears, has been left to be exploited by managers of the Sammy Sanders type. Mr. Curtis wishes us to understand the Boxers' Union, and the British Boxing Board of Control have remedied, if not eradicated, many of the abuses he touches on. Which is well, as far as it goes, but he has dealt with other matters besides the dubious advancement of the small-time preliminary boy, and his story starkly exposes the conditions of Tommy's home and environment. This is not a comfortable book, but it is better to read it than ignore it. It points a stabbing finger to the Mutch family; not Tommy alone, but "Else" and all the rest of them, who are the English of to-day as Mr. Curtis presents them in the mean streets of Notting Dale.

Somerset Maugham's "Theatre" people are a violent contrast—you can hardly call it a relief—from the obscure characters in "There Ain't No Justice." Julia Lambert, the great actress, is the complete egoist. Her devotion to her art is genuine; of any other virtue she is as empty as a drum. The man she is married to and the lovers she takes are empty too. "Theatre" is the panorama of their vanity, their sensual adventures, their insensate opportunism. It is, of course, entertaining to be taken behind the scenes and introduced to the famous Julia, but a greater refreshment when her son, whose intelligence she had despised, tells her exactly what he thinks of her. "You don't exist," says Roger, after describing the shock of his disillusion. "You're only one of the many parts you've played." If she is discomfited it is only for an instant. Her complacency speedily reasserts itself. Her great anonymous audiences, Julia reflected on the ecstatic rebound, had being solely to give her the opportunity to express herself. They were her raw material: the actors and actresses took their silly little emotions and turned them into art. . . . And there Mr. Maugham rings down the curtain, leaving one, with a mouth filled with dust, to ponder on the marvel of Julia Lambert.

George Albee's "The Bird of Time" begins with a platitudinous apologia that can be safely skipped. We have nothing but praise for the story itself. It hits the mark every time. The San Francisco earthquake is the tremendous background to Robert Limewright's early manhood. He and his astonishing uncles are drawn from life on the grand scale. A dynamic figure, he is defeated by the cramping limitations of modern American civilisation; and very skilfully Mr. Albee has described his erratic progress and its tragedy. Limewright rings true, as P. C. Wren's North-West Frontier heroes do not; but then, who asks for realism rather than romance in Mr. Wren? "The Man of a Ghost" contains all the thrills his readers expect him to provide for their enjoyment. The villain is double-dyed and perishes miserably, and Hazelrigg, the Secret Service officer, with Gul Mahommed, otherwise the lost Captain Richard Wendover, of Napier's Horse, survives to fame and glory.

"Monday's a Long Day," by Marjorie Booth, and John Owen's "The Blind for Sacrifice" are very good, each on its own line. Miss Booth has written an excellent astringent comedy about office life, without neglecting the more pathetic and precarious side of it. The reactions of Green and Son's staff to an unexpected Monday off have a stimulating tang, and the secretary, clerks, employer, and what not—which includes the office boy—are living and convincing people. John Owen has gone again to the Suffolk countryside for passionate material, and made poignant use of it. The plot is simple. A blind man believes a woman of forty to be a young girl, and intends to marry her. She, being madly in love, has not the courage to deceive him. Her agonised apprehension of discovery runs the length of the book.

The intention of "No Left Turn," by Ann Knox, is to show why Nony ran off the rails after she grew up. But

to have devoted a hundred-odd pages to the Brownsword children is a serious error in construction, and even after Nony arrives at her ill-starred marriage Miss Knox has not been particularly adroit. She has aimed too high, and the tragic beauty the publisher commends in her novel is not conspicuous.

The new Lemmy Caution book fully lives up to the reputation Peter Cheyney made for himself with "This Man is Dangerous." In case there is anybody who does not know how Lemmy reels off his stuff and the spice that flavours it, here is a quotation: "From here I start rememberin' Miranda an' what a swell piece she was. Believe me, that dame had got a figure that woulda meant a lot to a blind man . . . because I am a guy who is very interested in women, an' I am tellin' you that women are very interestin' things an' that if a woman ain't interestin' then she oughta go an' see somebody about it, because even if you are as ugly as a bunch of stale frankfurters you can still have the sorta something that makes guys go goofy an' start writin' in an' orderin' correspondence courses on 'How to acquire a mysterious personality' an' all that sorta punk." Now, is he the wise guy, or is he?, as he would say himself. He can race along like this all the time, and keep a complicated plot in leading-strings, and never once lose his breath. "Poison Ivy" would be a commendable thriller if it were written in pedestrian English. In Lemmy's vernacular it is priceless.

The killing in a certain detective-story about a film studio murder was done, we remember, with a mechanical device diverted from its legitimate purpose by the criminal. In Norman Forrest's "Death Took a Greek God" something a little like that happens. It is not giving away secrets to say that the hanging scene in the Epoch studios turns into a real hanging, because it is quite clear that this is what is going to happen as soon as the execution group steps on the set. The sleuthing is the real business, after Mr. Finnegan has been called in. The *dénouement* is macabre, and Mr. Forrest gives good value by throwing in some lively observation of the Greek gods who come to earth in the cinema world.

"The Man Who Wasn't There" recalls G. K. Chesterton, whose mystery men so often weren't there. He made the point that people did not see familiars such as the postman. Anthony Gilbert goes off on another intriguing track. When Mr. Crook, the middle-aged lawyer, took up Marjorie Hyde's case against the Crown's capital charge, she was as good as dead, in public opinion. Her husband, who was a borderland eccentric, crazy with suspicions and jealousy, had made her life a torment. They dined alone together every night, and drank a glass of port apiece. Hyde was doctored with hyoscine on the fatal evening, and he died within a few minutes. The evidence that nobody who could be suspected had entered the room while they were there was unshakable. Mr. Crook has had his work cut out; but he clears his client.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Mr. Witt Among the Rebels. By Ramón J. Sender. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)

All Hands! By H. M. Tomlinson. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Arouse and Beware. By Mackinlay Kantor. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

There Ain't No Justice. By James Curtis. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Theatre. By Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

The Bird of Time. By George Albee. (Nelson; 7s. 6d.)

The Man of a Ghost. By P. C. Wren. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

Monday's a Long Day. By Marjorie Booth. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

The Blind for Sacrifice. By John Owen. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)

No Left Turn. By Ann Knox. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

Poison Ivy. By Peter Cheyney. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Death Took a Greek God. By Norman Forrest. (Harra; 7s. 6d.)

The Man Who Wasn't There. By Anthony Gilbert. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

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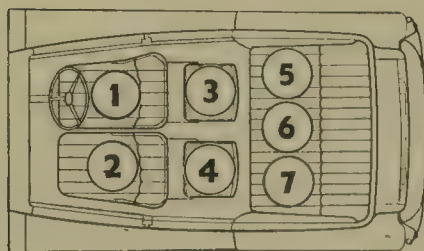
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

FLY-OVER roads and overhead pavements are receiving a good deal of attention from those making our highways. One of the difficulties in making our roads safer has been the great expense incurred in buying the adjoining property for the purpose of widening the existing streets. To-day, experts are suggesting that it is cheaper—or perhaps less costly is the more appropriate expression—to build overhead footpaths and fly-over roads at junctions.

The Ministry of Transport has issued a memorandum on the lay-out and construction of roads, with excellent diagrams depicting suggested plans for improved highways. But it has not yet dared to suggest that it would be a real safety

measure for shops to have their showrooms on the first floor and the pavement for pedestrians at the same level. Yet if our motor traffic continues to grow at its present rate, something in the nature of overhead footpaths does seem the more economical way of widening thoroughfares such as Oxford Street and Regent Street in London and many of the shopping centres in other towns and cities. Our private cars increase by about 200,000 each year and commercial motor-vehicles at the rate of some 20,000 to 30,000 per annum; also, it is safe to reckon that when next August the Official Returns of registered motor-vehicles are issued, we shall discover that there are about 1,800,000 private cars, 470,000 goods, 90,000 hackney carriages, and 490,000 motor cyclists entitled to use the roads of Great Britain.

The Ministry's Departmental Committee on Street Lighting are considering the general question of the use of street lamps of a special colour. A town in the Midlands is about to institute an experimental street-lighting system on a large scale, in which it is proposed that the streets generally shall be illuminated by mercury-vapour lamps, giving the usual bluish light, and that crossings and corners shall be indicated by sodium lamps, which give an orange-coloured illumination. The latter-coloured lamps are to give road-users a warning that at such spots care is necessary. The Royal Automobile Club, as a result of previous experiments with a system of this nature, took up the matter with the Ministry of Transport, suggesting

that if the Ministry approved of the principle of indicating danger points by street lighting of contrasting colours, a standard method should be adopted universally throughout the country. It was also urged that very careful consideration should be given to the matter, since the combination



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of strongly contrasting colours is apt to be confusing from the point of view of illumination.

Let us hope also that the 137 miles of cycle tracks now made or being constructed will be increased as soon as possible, as pedal cyclists are also increasing in large numbers each year. We have some 44,000 miles of classified roads and only about 500 miles of cycle tracks are planned. The total length of public highways in Great Britain is 178,000 miles, in round figures, so there seems ample reason for adding a greater mileage of cycle paths for the general safety of all concerned. If motors are approaching the 3,000,000 mark on our roads, cyclists have already passed that and there are nearer 5,000,000 machines in use to-day.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

BY HARTLEY WITHERS.

TAXATION AND SAVINGS.

INVESTORS have had plenty to think about during the long break in general business imposed by the Coronation festivities and the Whitsun holiday. It is easy to say that at such a time the best thing for them to do was to put all thoughts about their investments out of their heads; but such counsel is need to give than to act on, and, moreover, there is so much in the present position that is full of encouragement that those who have made wise selections in the securities that they have favoured need by no means have been depressed by any considerations that may have obtruded themselves about the future of their holdings. For the financial air was very definitely cleared by the shocks administered to the City during those trying weeks before the break.

In the first place, a large number of speculators who had been venturing into fields unknown to them have received a severe lesson—a very unpleasant one for the time being, but one that may save them a good deal of money in the future, and will also prevent them from developing activities on a scale that is dangerous to themselves and embarrassing both to genuine trade and to genuine investment. Always humorous about its difficulties, the City lately devised a pleasant story that during the gamble in commodities and metals the whole existing stock of spelter was temporarily owned by the members of a certain West End club, not one of whom knew what spelter was. This, of course, was one of those fictions with which the City beguiles its days of depression; but it was only a picturesque exaggeration of the extent to which speculators had been forcing up the prices of materials which industry badly needed and was beginning to find that it could not get at any price. If continued, such a state of things might have produced a serious recession in trade. Fortunately, it was stopped in time.

THE GOLD PROBLEM.

It is also all to the good that Mr. Roosevelt, by sending up his *ballon d'essai* about reducing the American price for gold, should have given Governments timely warning of the consequences likely to

follow from ill-considered monetary measures, and at the same time shown how desirable it is that the leading financial powers—or those most closely interested in the value of gold—should get together and let the world know what they mean to do about it. This is important and urgent, not only to shareholders in mines and to the Governments of the countries—namely, America, the British Empire, Russia, and France—that produce and possess the largest quantities of the metal, but also to all who are, as investors, manufacturers, distributors, and consumers, concerned with the problem of the future course of commodity and security prices. All those countries above-named own, or expect to produce, quantities of gold that would once have been regarded as gigantic; and their rulers could hardly, deliberately and in co-operation, take measures which would knock off part of their value, to say nothing of the fact that the consequent fall in commodity prices would increase the burden of national debts all round. And general trade, just beginning to raise its head, thanks to the greater purchasing power given to primary producers by the higher prices of their output, would be in serious danger of falling back into the mud again. For these and many other reasons, it is much to be hoped that all these conversations alleged to be proceeding behind the scenes about freeing trade from some of the barriers that have hampered it should deal also with the question of the currency arrangements under which the nations are to work when dealing with one another.

N.D.C. REVISION.

Another thing that has fortunately been made clear is that the National Defence Contribution is going to be modified out of all recognition, either before it is again brought before the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or in the course of Parliamentary discussion. As originally proposed, it violated every principle on which sound and equitable taxation should be based. It was not clear and explicit, for no firm or company could know what it would have to pay, and consequently estimates of its incidence varied from huge figures put forward by some calculators to the scepticism of Mr. Keynes, who doubted whether the £20 millions anticipated by the Treasury in a full year would ever be realised—if, he stated, all the concessions were made which justice or expediency required, the Chancellor would

be lucky if half his estimate remained. Worst of all, perhaps, it ignored the great and salutary principle that the skill and ingenuity of our taxing authorities have made possible; namely, the principle of graduation according to the paying power of the taxpayer. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said that it passed the wit of man to graduate the income-tax—one of those remarks which show how greatly his reputation as a finance minister has been exaggerated—but the Somerset House officials achieved this impossibility when they were asked to do so; and ever since then our system of taxation has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb by taking—as far as direct taxation is concerned—a smaller proportion from the smaller incomes and estates.

PENALISING THE SHAREHOLDER.

It may be objected that graduation comes in under it, because it is expected to be made stiffer in the case of companies with big and more rapidly growing profits. But the point is that all the shareholders in any company that pays it will suffer in dividends exactly in proportion to their holdings, with no graduation for small shareholders with small total incomes. And it is only the ordinary shareholder who will feel it, while those who have preference shares or debenture stocks will escape altogether. Some people defend this anomaly by pointing out that holders of fixed-interest prior charges, such as preference shares and debenture stocks, have suffered owing to the many conversions which the present era of cheap money has made possible. This may be true of a minority of them, among whom the holders of War Loan are the most obvious example; but the great majority of fixed-interest holders have, all through the depression, received the same money income, while ordinary shareholders in the industries that suffered most severely went short; and at the same time cheap money has raised the price of the fixed-interest securities. A tax which leaves the *rentier* and creditor unscathed and puts a special burden on those who bear the risks of industry and, having been pinched by the depression, have just begun to benefit by recovery, seems to be extraordinarily ill-advised and inequitable. It is, however, possible that this feature in the N.D.C. will be one among the many that will, if not removed before it makes its reappearance, be reformed out of existence by the House of Commons.

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BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E. F.R.G.S.

THE CHARMS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is a land of many charms. It has lofty mountains, in that section of the Carpathians on its north-eastern border which is known as the High Tatras, which afford the most romantic scenery—rugged, snow-topped peaks and forest-clad slopes, lakes of vivid colouring, ravines, waterfalls, and swift-flowing streams. In Bohemia there are the Giant Mountains; and in Moravia-Silesia, the High Jesenky and the Beskydy Mountains; there are extraordinary “rock-cities” of sandstone in Northern Bohemia; in Western Slovakia there is a wild, romantic region known as the “Slovak Paradise,” in which are the magnificent ice-caves of Dobšiná and the Sulov Rocks; in the Moravian Kras, not far from Brno, there are remarkable caverns of stalagmites and stalactites. In Slovakia, too, at Demänova, and in the Slovak Kras, there



PRAGUE, THE “ROME OF THE NORTH”: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAMOUS OLD CITY; SHOWING THE FINE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BRIDGE OF CHARLES IV., THE CASTLE (RIGHT), AND THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS RISING BEHIND IT.

are fertile lowlands, with tilled fields and meadows fragrant with flowers; and there is the great charm of the life of the countryside, with many of its peasantry wearing their distinctive and greatly varying national costume.

The climate is very agreeable in the summer, and is lacking in those extremes of heat which are sometimes experienced in summer-time in countries further south. In the large towns, spas, and other holiday resorts there are good modern hotels, very moderate in price; in fact, it is claimed that accommodation, food, and other necessities are cheaper in Czechoslovakia than in any other European country. The roads are uniformly good for motoring, there are special reductions for tourist travel on the Czechoslovak railways, and from London to Prague, the capital, and the main centre for tourist traffic in Czechoslovakia, the journey is one of only a little over twenty-four hours by boat and train, or just over four hours by air—Imperial Airways service—from Croydon. For the sportsman, Czechoslovakia is an ideal land, for he can shoot such big game as stag, fallow-deer and roe-deer, chamois, moufflon, bear, wild boar and wolf; and small game such as partridge pheasant, blackcock, woodcock, and wild pigeon. The fishing includes the Danube salmon, brown trout, and grayling.



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As for holiday centres, Prague, picturesquely situated on the Vltava, is a city extraordinarily rich in historical associations and mediaeval architecture. First the seat of the Bohemian Princes, then of the Bohemian Kings, it has a Cathedral, that of St. Vitus, the foundation of which was laid by St. Wenceslas before the year 929, though the building in its present form dates from the time of Charles IV., 1344; and a castle, on a commanding site, which goes back to the tenth century, is splendidly preserved, and is used as the residence of the President of the Republic. Among many other famous buildings are the Strahov Monastery, which has a world-renowned library, and pictures by Van Dyck, Holbein, and Rubens; the old Town Hall, with a rich collection of historic relics; the Romanesque Basilica of St. George; the Loretto Church, in which is kept the most magnificent diamond monstrance in the world; and the Church of St. Nicholas. Brno, the capital of Moravia-Silesia, dominated by the Castle of Špilberk, is an interesting place to visit, for it is near the caverns of the Moravian Kras and the battlefield of Austerlitz, and not far off is Olomouc, a town of considerable antiquity. In Slovakia, the capital, Bratislava, on the Danube, is a good centre for those who wish to see something of Slovakian life.

Czechoslovakia is fortunate in possessing some of the richest of the world's natural waters, and amongst the many well-organised spas are Carlsbad, Marienbad, Franzensbad, Pistany, and Jáchymov (Joachimstal), where the hotels are of the first order, likewise the thermal establishments; while the surroundings are very beautiful, and there are first-class facilities for sport and amusement. There is also another fine spa at Tatranská Lomnica, in the High Tatras, with, a splendid, State-owned hotel.

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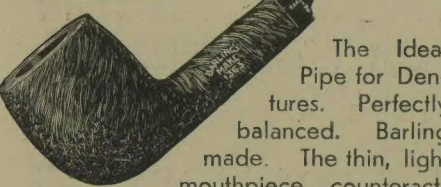
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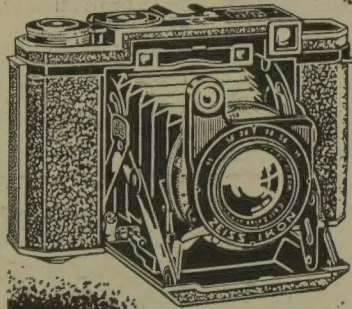
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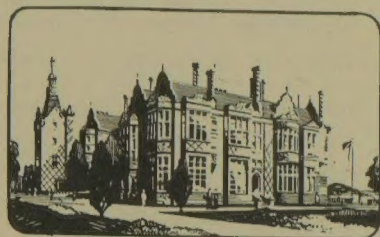
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"MONTE CARLO CASINO."

(Continued from page 938.)

the game. Paradoxically, as soon as he dons the spectacles, all is as clear as daylight. On the back of every card are white specks, denoting its value. Those unmarked are obviously tens and court cards, which do not count. The marks can only be seen through dark glasses; without them they are quite invisible. . . . The cards were marked with a special substance hidden under the players' fingernails." For the intricacies of the fraud, see "Monte Carlo Casino"!

See it also for much else that is novel, arresting, and to be remembered.

Think that there might never have been the magical name Monte Carlo. The Casino site was in the district of Les Spélugues, which was unfortunate, in that in French, Italian and German "spélugue," "spelónca," "spelunke" "means not only a cave, but also a low, disreputable haunt, a den of thieves, etc." The place almost became Charlesville or Albertville: a brain-wave—and it was Monte Carlo!

Learn that the Casino Administration has between 2500 and 3000 employees; and that it has a special school for croupiers, in which the men learn their trade, "spinning the wheel, making piles of chips neatly, throwing chips from a distance on to the right number (like houp-la!), collecting losing stakes from the tables without disturbing the winning ones, and all the little details which make the croupier less of a man than a highly-skilled robot."

And if gangsters should be tempted, let them beware. Presumably, they will want to raid the Financial Department, which is in the Casino itself. They will find that they cannot gate-crash. Even if they did, they could only reach their objective by a long and very steep flight of stairs guarded at bottom and top by attendants. Imagine them successful in passing the guards. They could only reach the Head Cashier by a passage wide enough for one man at a time. "Now holding up an ordinary bank is relatively easy because the gangsters can occupy the whole floor-space of the room and cover everyone behind the counter. When, as in the Casino, there is space for only one man to use a gun, the problem becomes unpleasantly difficult. In fact, the game is not worth the candle." Imagine the still more impossible; imagine a get-away. The French coast-guard are on duty; there is no room for an aerodrome; the police can bar the roads at strategic points with commendable speed and efficiency! "In America the risk is a real one, and I am told that the Casino at Miami, for instance, bristles with machine-guns."

That is a divergence; but it is indicative of the wide net flung by General Polovtsoff, a net in which he catches, for the delectation of his readers, celebrities, odd characters, straight and crooked, systems, wins and losses, phenomenal runs, and so on—"fish" of infinite variety and enticing savour. Taste of his dishes as would a gourmet; and, if your palate be not prejudiced, you will find his "bouillabaisse" as succulent and as satisfying as anything that ever came out of Marseilles.

E. H. G.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 962.)

It may not be generally known that a Chinese design, by Humphry Repton, for the Pavilion at Brighton (begun in 1784), was rejected in favour of the Indian style then coming into vogue. In connection with this change of taste Miss von Erdberg goes on to quote an amusing impromptu epigram by Dr. Wolcot regarding the famous architect of bygone Regent Street, less hackneyed than the one about his finding us all brick and leaving us all plaster. Thus she writes: "A Chinese bridge (taken down some years later) erected in St. James's Park, by John Nash, in connection with the celebrations after the Battle of Waterloo, aroused the following criticism, which shows that the *chinoiserie* was doomed and already replaced by new favourites:

'Master Nash, Master Nash,
You merit the lash
For debauching the taste of our Heir to the throne:
Then cross not the seas
To rob the Chinese
But learn to be wise from Vitruvius and Soane.'

Nowadays, I fancy, British garden-owners with a taste for the exotic and the oriental turn to Japan rather than to China for inspiration. Those who do so will revel in a book (like the last-mentioned, apparently of American origin) called "ONE HUNDRED KYOTO GARDENS." By Loraine E. Kuck (London: Kegan Paul; Kobe: J. L. Thompson; 6s.). Though slim and unpretentious, this work is very informative and delightfully enthusiastic. It is also abundantly

illustrated by photographs (some in colour) and contains besides two folding maps. Kyoto, of course, is Japan's ancient capital, and, in the author's phrase, its gardens "express the spirit and philosophy of a nation." She has known Japan for a number of years, and has made a thorough study of this rather elusive spirit, which, to the Japanese themselves, is so intuitive that they find it difficult to convey to a foreigner. In her introduction, the author gives an interesting sketch of Japanese history and religion, with special reference to gardens and social life, and then proceeds to describe the Imperial and other gardens of Kyoto individually. There have been gardens there, she recalls, for over eleven centuries.

Current relations between Japan and China make it difficult to picture the time, some 1200 years ago, when the island people looked towards the vast mainland power with reverence and emulation. "Less than a hundred years," we read, "before Kyoto became the capital, the simple, untutored folk of Japan had seen Nara rise from the plains of Yamato, like a creation of magic. Such a city had never even been dreamed of before. Until then the isolated Japanese had known only squat, primitive wooden buildings with thatched roofs—simple structures like present-day Shinto shrines, which are derived from these earliest dwellings. But at Nara, in the eighth century, there sprang into existence gorgeous palaces, temples and pagodas, their great upcurving roofs supported by colored pillars and intricately designed eaves. Japan had but recently discovered the culture of her great civilized neighbor, China, and was hastening in every way to imitate and assimilate it. Chinese gardens of the T'ang period (A.D. 618-906), from which Japan drew her inspiration, were symbolically naturalistic landscape gardens. Some of them illustrated the charming Chinese mythical belief that somewhere in the Eastern Ocean were islands of eternal youth and happiness. Others held fantastic rocks with caves suggesting the mountains where Taoist sages retired to commune with Nature." Since those philosophic days in the Far East, what a change has come over the spirit of its dream! C. E. B.



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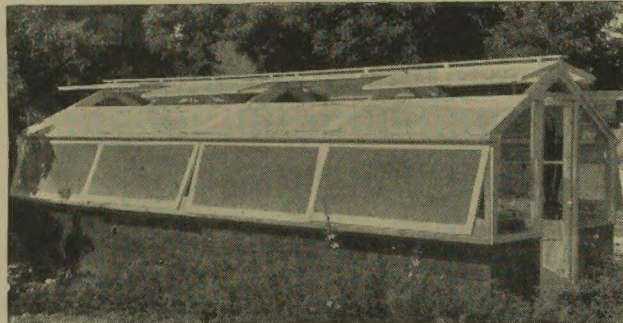
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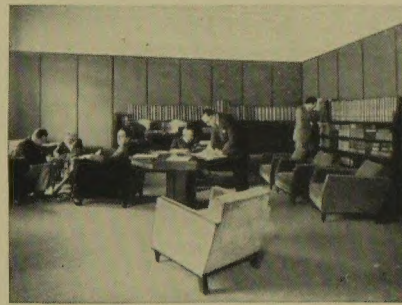
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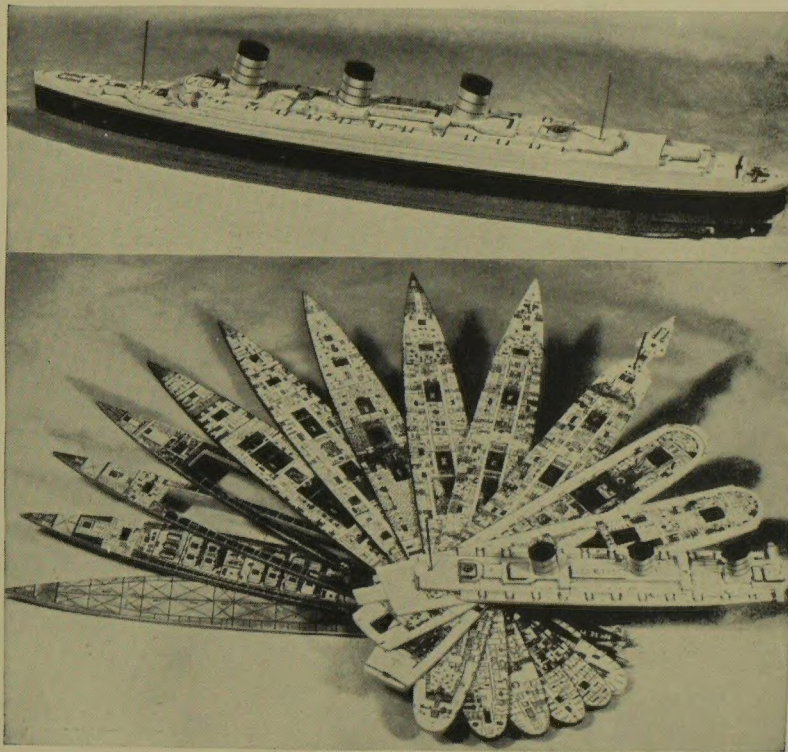
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